









Mrs James H. Tallman  
with the compliments and esteem of  
the Author  
Wallace Bruce

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IN CLOVER AND HEATHER



# IN CLOVER AND HEATHER

BY

WALLACE BRUCE

AUTHOR OF

'LAND OF BURNS,' 'THE HUDSON,' 'THE YOSEMITE,'  
AND 'OLD HOMESTEAD POEMS'

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TO  
THE ABIDING FRIENDSHIP OF  
WALTER SCOTT AND WASHINGTON IRVING,  
WHICH HAS WIDENED  
INTO NATIONAL AFFECTION,  
THESE POEMS  
ARE CORDIALLY DEDICATED.



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*PROEM—IN BLOOM.*

*There are greetings the wide world over,  
And blossoms wherever we roam,  
But none like the heather and clover  
To welcome the wanderer home.*

*Warm-hearted with kindred devotion,  
Twin sisters in sympathy true,  
They whisper across the wide ocean,  
Love-laden with memory's dew.*

*In purple tints woven together  
The Hudson shakes hands with the Tweed,  
Commingling with Abbotsford's heather  
The clover of Sunnyside's mead.*

*A token of friendship immortal  
With Washington Irving returns :—  
Scott's ivy entwined o'er his portal  
By the Blue-eyed Lassie of Burns.*

*Their names by heather-bells wedded  
With fondness Columbia retains ;  
In freedom's foundation imbedded  
The lay of the minstrel remains.*

*Ay, this their commission and glory,  
In redolent bloom to prolong  
Love, liberty, legend, and story,  
That blossom in ballad and song.*

*So here's to the clover and heather  
Of river-side, mountain, and glen,  
As I stand wi' doffed bonnet and feather  
At the yetts of my forebears again !*



## IN CLOVER AND HEATHER.

---

ABOUT fifty years ago a cutting of Walter Scott's favourite ivy at Melrose Abbey was transported across the Atlantic, and trained over the porch of Washington Irving's "Sunnyside," on the Hudson, by the hand of Mrs Renwick, daughter of Rev. Andrew Jeffrey of Lochmaben, known in girlhood as the "Bonnie Jessie" of Annandale, or the "Blue-eyed Lassie" of Robert Burns :—a simple and graceful tribute, from the shrine of Waverley to the home of Knickerbocker, befitting the heroine of two songs of the Ayrshire poet.

How far that little ivy now twines its tendrils !  
It not only binds together two rivers and clasps  
two continents, but also affectionately symbolises

the enduring friendship of two golden-hearted men. More than this, it associates in poetic fancy three writers, poet, novelist, and essayist, who might appropriately be considered the living links of a century—from the bleak January wind of 1759, which “blew hansel in on Robin,” to the quiet November Indian - summer day of 1856, in the peaceful valley of Sleepy Hollow ;—for Robert Burns looked in the face of young Walter in Edinburgh, and Scott took the hand of Irving at Abbotsford.

That cordial greeting reached farther than Scott or Irving dreamed. It was during a critical period of the young author’s literary career, and the kindness of the Great Magician, in directing early attention to his genius, is still cherished by every reader of the ‘Sketch Book’ from Manhattan to San Francisco. The hearty grasp of the Minstrel at the gateway of Abbotsford was in reality a warm handshake to a wider brotherhood beyond the sea.

No wonder that Irving, in loving reminiscence, recalled the days there spent as among the happiest of his life—“as if I were admitted,” he says, “to a social communion with Shakespeare, for it was

with one of a kindred if not equal genius. Every turn brought to mind some household air, some almost forgotten song of the nursery, by which I had been lulled to sleep in my childhood, and with them the looks and voices of those who had sung them and were now no more."—In that realm of romance nature had indeed spread a bountiful table, and the Tweed and the Trosachs in the genius of Scott were entertaining the Hudson and the Catskills in the genius of Irving.

Twenty years ago, with his cheery essays for a guide-book, I wandered in gentle companionship along the banks of the Tweed ; and, in memory of those August days, which have not yet lost their purple, I have ventured to blend with the clover of "The Hudson" and "The Old Homestead" the heather of "Scott's Greeting" and "The Land of Burns."

EDINBURGH, *November* 1890.

The forests are not all felled,  
Nor the flowers all swept from the sod ;  
And the words are not all spelled  
That declare the glory of God.

## I.

### ONE WORD.

“WRITE me an epic,” the warrior said—

“Victory, valour, and glory wed.”

“Prithee, a ballad,” exclaimed the knight—

“Prowess, adventure, and faith unite.”

“An ode to freedom,” the patriot cried—

“Liberty won and wrong defied.”

“Give me a drama,” the scholar asked—

“The inner world in the outer masked.”

“Frame me a sonnet,” the artist prayed—

“Power and passion in harmony played.”

“Sing me a lyric,” the maiden sighed—

“A lark-note waking the morning wide.”

“Nay, all too long,” said the busy age,

“Write me a line instead of a page.”

The swift years spoke, the poet heard,

“Your poem write in a single word.”

He looked in the maiden’s glowing eyes,

A moment glanced at the starlit skies ;

From the lights below to the lights above,

And wrote the one-word poem—Love.

## II.

## THE STRANGER.

## AN EASTERN LEGEND.

AN aged man came late to Abraham's tent.

The sky was dark, and all the plain was bare.

He asked for bread; his strength was wellnigh  
spent,

His haggard look implored the tenderest care.

The food was brought. He sat with thankful eyes,

But spake no grace, nor bowed he towards the  
east.

Safe sheltered here from dark and angry skies,

The bounteous table seemed a royal feast.

But ere his hand had touched the tempting fare,

The Patriarch rose, and leaning on his rod—

“Stranger,” he said, “dost thou not bow in prayer ?

Dost thou not fear, dost thou not worship God ?”

He answered, “Nay.” The Patriarch sadly  
said :

“Thou hast my pity. Go ! eat not my  
bread.”

Another came that wild and fearful night.

The fierce winds raged, and darker grew the  
sky ;

But all the tent was filled with wondrous light,

And Abraham knew the Lord his God was nigh.

“Where is that aged man ?” the Presence said,

“That asked for shelter from the driving blast ?

Who made thee master of thy Master’s bread ?

What right hadst thou the wanderer forth to  
cast ?”



“Forgive me, Lord,” the Patriarch answer made,  
With downcast look, with bowed and trembling  
knee.

“Ah me ! the stranger might with me have stayed,  
But, O my God, he would not worship Thee.”

“I’ve borne him long,” God said, “and  
still I wait ;

Couldst thou not lodge him one night in  
thy gate ? ”

## III.

## THE SNOW ANGEL.

THE sleigh-bells danced that winter night ;

Old Brattleboro rang with glee ;

The windows overflowed with light ;

Joy ruled each hearth and Christmas-tree.

But to one the bells and mirth were naught :

His soul with deeper joy was fraught.

He waited until the guests were gone ;

He waited to dream his dream alone ;

And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night ;

He piles the snow in the village square ;

With spade for chisel, a statue white

From the crystal quarry rises fair.

No light save the stars to guide his hand,

But the image obeys his soul's command.

The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,

The stars grow pale in the early dawn,

But the lad toils on.

And lo ! in the morn the people came

To gaze at the wondrous vision there ;

And they called it " The Angel," divining its name,

For it came in silence and unaware.

It seemed no mortal hand had wrought

The uplifted face of prayerful thought ;

But its features wasted beneath the sun ;

Its life went out ere the day was done ;

And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this : “ In the years to be

I will carve the Angel in lasting stone ;

In another land beyond the sea

I will toil in darkness, will dream alone.

While others sleep I will find a way

Up through the night to the light of day.

There’s nothing desired beneath star or sun

Which patient genius has not won.”

And the boy toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might ;

He has gained renown in the land of art ;

But the thought inspired that Christmas night

Still kept its place in the sculptor’s heart ;

And the dream of the boy, that melted away

In the light of the sun that winter day,

Is embodied at last in enduring stone,

Snow Angel in marble—his purpose won ;

And the man toils on.

## IV.

TO QUEEN MARY'S PICTURE IN  
HOLYROOD.

WHEN I do note the beauty of thine eyes,  
And think that they have long been sightless  
dust ;  
When I observe the warrior's envied prize—  
Helmet and corselet—thick with yellow rust ;  
When scutcheoned doors lie prone in castle halls,  
And turrets totter, razed by ruthless Time ;  
When panelled brass from stately column falls,  
Well-graved with praises writ in lofty rhyme—

Then I perceive how all things here decay ;

That this wide world is but a shifting stage,

Where faith and love, fierce pride and passion, play,

And narrow lines divide the fool and sage ;

Where fame's brief candle flickers to its death,

And beauty's reign is measured by a breath.

## V.

## SCOTT'S GREETING TO BURNS.

[Scott's statue introducing Burns's statue to Shakespeare's, in Central Park, New York, the night after the unveiling of Burns's statue in 1880: the three statues being within easy speaking-distance of each other.]

WE greet you, Robbie, here to-night,  
Beneath these stars so pure and bright ;  
We greet you, poet, come at last  
With "Will" and me your lot to cast.

We've talked about you mony a day,  
And wondered when you'd be this way.  
Reach out your hand, and gie's a shake  
Just ance, for auld acquaintance' sake.

We welcome you from Scotia's land,  
And reach to you a brither's hand ;  
A kindred soul to greet you turns—  
Will Shakespeare, this is Robbie Burns.

We've sung your songs here mony a night  
Till that dear star is lost in light,  
And Willie says the lines you wrote  
Will even do for him to quote.

He likes your verses wondrous weel,  
And says you are a glorious chiel ;  
In fact, the only one that knows  
The space 'twixt poetry and prose.

O Robbie, if we had a plaid,  
We'd quite convert yon Stratford lad.  
He said, in truth, but yester-morn,  
“ I'm Scotch in wit, though English born ;



“ And, Walter, it may yet appear  
That Scotland takes in Warwickshire.  
Let Avon be the border line,  
Blot out the Tweed, or draw it fine.”

So, Willie, brew your peck o' maut,  
And set the board wi' Attic saut,  
For Rob has come at last, you see—  
We were a pair, but now we're three.

We need nae ither comrade now,  
No modern bard o' classic brow ;  
'Tis lang before anither man  
Will be admitted to our clan.

In stormy nights 'twas lonesome here  
When “ Will ” recited half o' “ Lear ” ;  
But now he quotes your eerie tale  
In thunder, lightning, and in hail ;

And says his witches can't compare  
Wi' those that chased Tam's "guid grey mare."  
He's even learned your "Deil Address,"  
To quote some night for good Queen Bess ;

For, Robbie, this is haunted ground,  
Where spirits keep their nightly round,  
And when the witchin' hour is near  
You'll see strange beings gather here.

I saw Queen Bess the other night  
Beside him, clad in vesture bright,  
While kings and queens, a noble throng,  
In dim procession passed along ;

And walls seemed rising from the earth  
Like Leicester's tower at Kenilworth ;  
And all the pageant that was there  
Seemed floating in the moonlit air.

Ay, beauty, jealousy, and pride,  
In Dudley's halls walked side by side,  
While Amy Robsart seemed to stand  
With fair Ophelia, hand in hand.

And, Robbie, what a vision came  
As Willie whispered Ariel's name !  
The towers dissolved, and round him drew  
The stately, gentle, fair, and true—

Miranda, Juliet, Imogen,  
Hermione, and Katharine,  
While Rosalind among them stood—  
The sunlight of sweet Arden's wood.

'Twere long to pass them in review,  
For still the circle wider grew,  
Until the airy vision bright  
Was lost at last in liquid light.

So let me whisper in your ear,  
Never to tell what passes here.  
There'll be a grand reception soon  
To greet the lad frae Bonnie Doon.

We'll gather up the jolliest crew—  
Falstaff, Prince Hal, and Roderick Dhu ;  
And “a' the rantin' brither Scots  
Frae Maiden Kirk tae John o' Groats.”

So, Robbie, mak' yoursel' at home,  
'Mang friends and brithers you have come,  
And here's a land that's quite as fair  
As that between the Doon and Ayr.

A land that glories in its youth,  
That owns nae creed but living truth,  
Where “pith o' sense and pride o' worth”  
A refuge find frae rank and birth ;

A land that's made your verses real,  
Whose guinea-stamp is honour's seal ;  
Ay, Robbie, here they've quite forgot  
To write the "Sir"—just Walter Scott.

And here your songs will ever ring  
Through a' the years the centuries bring,  
Till all are free, and every sea  
Shall know nae shore but liberty.

## VI.

## THE HUDSON.

## I.

GREY streaks of dawn are faintly seen ;  
The stars of half their light are shorn ;  
The Hudson, with its banks of green,  
Lies tranquil in the early morn.

The earth and sky breathe sacred rest—  
A holy peace too sweet to break—  
A spell like that Divine behest  
Which stilled the Galilean lake.

The circling hills, with foreheads fair,  
    Await with joy the crowning rays ;  
All nature bows in grateful prayer ;  
    The templed groves respond with praise.

Ye trembling shafts of glorious light,  
    Dart from the east with golden gleam ;  
Cleave the dark shield of fleeing Night,  
    And slay her with your arrowy beam.

Cities and hamlets, up and down  
    This level highway to the sea,  
Along the banks sit grey and brown,  
    Dim shadows musing dreamily.

Adown the river sloops and ships  
    Float slowly with the lazy tide ;  
And round the bluff a paddle dips  
    Where once the storm-ship used to ride.

The vision widens as the morn  
Sweeps through the portals of the day ;  
Purple and rosy mists adorn  
Mountain and hill-top far away.

## II.

The Catskills to the northward rise  
With massive swell and towering crest—  
The old-time “mountains of the skies,”  
The threshold of eternal rest ;  
  
Where Manitou once lived and reigned,  
Great Spirit of a race gone by ;  
And Ontiora lies enchained,  
With face uplifted to the sky.  
  
The dream-land, too, of later days,  
Where Rip Van Winkle slept in peace,  
Wrapped up in deep poetic haze—  
A twenty years of sweet release.



Ay, burning years ! a nation's forge !  
To wake to freedom grown to more—  
To find another painted "George"  
Above the old familiar door.

Through summer heat and winter snow,  
Beside that rushing mountain-stream,  
Just how he slept we cannot know ;  
Perhaps 'twas all a pleasant dream.

Mayhap in many a wintry squall,  
Or howling blast, or blinding storm,  
He thought he heard Dame Gretchen call,  
And that sufficed to keep him warm ;

Or else that flagon's wondrous draught,  
Distilled in some weird elfin-land,  
Drawn from the keg old Hendrick quaffed,  
And shared by all his silent band.

O legends full of life and health,  
That live when records fail and die,  
Ye are the Hudson's richest wealth,  
The frondage of her history !

## III.

And musing here this quiet morn,  
I call up pictures far away,  
Of fountains where thy wave is born,  
Of rills that in deep shadows play ;  
  
Of forest trail, and lake and stream,  
Rich poems bound in green and gold,  
Whose leaves reflect the autumn gleam  
Ere summer months are growing old ;  
  
Of camp-fires bright with dancing flame,  
Where dreams and visions floated free,  
And Rosalind, with Annie's name,  
Interpreted the dreams to me :

Like Avalanche with rocky wall,  
And Henderson's dark-wooded shore,  
Your echoes linger still, and call  
Unto my soul for evermore.

Tahawas, rising stern and grand,  
"Cloud-sunderer," lift thy forehead high ;  
Guard well thy sun-kissed mountain land,  
Whose lakes seem borrowed from the sky.

O Hudson ! mountain-born and free,  
Thy youth a deep impression takes ;  
For, mountain-guarded to the sea,  
Thy course is but a chain of lakes.

## IV.

And not alone thy features fair,  
And legend lore and matchless grace,  
But noble deeds of courage rare  
Illume, as with a soul, thy face.

The Highlands and the Palisades  
Mirror their beauty in the tide ;  
The history of whose forest shades  
A nation reads with conscious pride.

On either side these mountain glens  
Lie open like a massive book,  
Whose words were graved with iron pens,  
And lead into the eternal rock ;

Which evermore shall here retain  
The annals time cannot erase ;  
And while these granite leaves remain,  
This crystal ribbon marks the place.

The spot where Kosciusko dreamed—  
Fort Putnam's grey and ruined wall ;  
West Point, where patriot bayonets gleamed—  
This open page reveals them all.

From Stony Point to Bemis Height,  
From Saratoga to the sea,  
We trace the lines, now dark, now bright,  
From seventy-six to eighty-three.

We celebrate our hundredth year  
With thankful hearts and words of praise,  
And learn a lasting lesson here  
Of trust and hope for coming days.

## v.

And sweet to me this other thought,  
And more than fancy to my mind :  
These grand divisions, plainly wrought,  
In human life a semblance find.

The Adirondacks, childhood's glee ;  
The Catskills, youth with dreams o'er cast ;  
The Highlands, manhood bold and free ;  
The Tappan Zee, age come at last.

O Tappan Zee ! with peaceful hills,  
And slumbrous sky and drowsy air,  
Thy calm and restful spirit stills  
The heart weighed down with weary care.

Pocantico's hushed waters glide  
Through Sleepy Hollow's haunted ground,  
And whisper to the listening tide  
The name carved o'er one lowly mound.

Fair mansions rise on every hill,  
With turrets crowned, and stately towers,  
Which men can buy and sell at will ;  
But old Van Tassel's home is ours :

A quiet, cosy little nest,  
Enshrined and loved for evermore ;  
Where Geoffrey Crayon came to rest,  
When all his wanderings were o'er.

Thrice blest and happy Tappan Zee,  
Whose banks along thy glistening tide  
Have legend, truth, and poetry  
Sweetly expressed in Sunnyside.

## VI.

The twilight falls, the picture fades ;  
My soul has drifted down the stream ;  
And now, beneath the Palisades,  
I wonder, "Is it all a dream ?"  
  
Below the cliffs Manhattan's spires  
Glint back the sunset's latest beam ;  
The bay is flecked with twinkling fires ;  
Or is it but "Van Kortlandt's dream ?"  
  
Hark ! Freedom's arms ring far and wide ;  
Again these forts with beacons gleam ;  
Loud cannon roar on every side—  
I start, I wake ; I did but dream.

Deep silence 'mid these glorious hills ;

Dark shadows on the silver stream ;

My very soul with rapture thrills :

“Is't heaven, or earth, or but a dream ?”

Nay ! true as life, and deep as love,

And real amid the things that seem ;

For Earth below and Heaven above

Proclaim “truth stranger than a dream.”



## VII.

## THE YOSEMITE.

WAITING to-night for the moon to rise  
O'er the cliffs that narrow Yosemite's skies ;  
Waiting for darkness to melt away  
In the silver light of a midnight day ;  
Waiting, like one in a waking dream,  
I stand alone by the rushing stream.

Alone, in a temple vast and grand,  
With spire and turret on every hand ;  
A world's cathedral, with walls sublime,  
Chiselled and carved by the hand of Time ;  
And over all heaven's crowning dome,  
Whence gleam the beacon-lights of home.

The spectral shadows dissolve ; and now  
The moonlight halos El Capitan's brow ;  
And the lesser stars grow pale and dim  
Along the sheer-cut mountain rim ;  
Till, touched with magic, the grey walls stand  
Like phantom mountains on either hand.

Yet I know they are real, for I see the spray  
Of Yosemite Fall in the moonlight play,  
Swaying and trembling, a radiant glow  
From the sky above to the vale below ;  
Like the ladder of old to Jacob given—  
A line of light from earth to heaven.

And there comes to my soul a vision dear,  
As of shining spirits hovering near ;  
And I feel the sweet and wondrous power  
Of a presence that fills the midnight hour ;  
And I know that Bethel is everywhere,  
For prayer is the foot of the angel stair.

A light divine, a holy rest,  
Floods all the valley and fills my breast ;  
The very mountains are hushed in sleep  
From Eagle Point to Sentinel Keep ;  
And a lifelong lesson is taught me to-night,  
When shrouded in shadow, to wait for the light.

Waiting at dawn for the morn to break  
By the crystal waters of Mirror Lake ;  
Waiting to see the mountains grey  
Clearly defined in the light of day ;  
Reflected and throned in glory here,  
A lakelet that seems but the valley's tear.

Waiting ; but look ! the South Dome bright  
Is floating now in a sea of light ;  
And Cloud's Rest, glistening with caps of snow,  
Inverted stands in the vale below,  
With tow'ring peaks and cliffs on high,  
Hanging to meet another sky.

O crystal gem in setting rare !  
O soul-like mirror in middle air !  
O forest heart of eternal love !  
Earth-born, but pure as heaven above,  
This Sabbath morn we find in thee  
The poet's dream of purity.

The hours pass by ; I am waiting now  
On Glacier Point's o'erhanging brow ;  
Waiting to see the picture pass,  
Like the fleeting show of a wizard-glass ;  
Waiting ; and still the vision seems  
Woven of light and coloured with dreams.

But the cloud-capped towers, and pillars grey,  
Securely stand in the light of day ;  
The Temple wall is firm and sure ;  
The worshippers pass, but it shall endure,  
And will, while loud Yosemite calls  
To bright Nevada and Vernal Falls.

O grand and majestic organ choir,  
With deep-toned voices that never tire !  
O anthem written in notes that glow  
On the rainbow bars of Po-ho-no !  
O sweet "Te Deum" for ever sung,  
With spray, like incense, heavenward swung !—

Thy music my soul with rapture thrills,  
And there comes to my lips "The templed hills ;  
Thy rocks and rills," a nation's song,  
From valley to mountain borne along ;  
My country's temple, built for thee,  
Crowned with the Cap of Liberty !

O country reaching from shore to shore !  
O fairest land the wide world o'er !  
Columbia dear, whose mountains rise  
From fertile valleys to sunny skies,  
Stand firm and sure, and bold and free,  
As thy granite-walled Yosemite.

## VIII.

## THE LAND OF BURNS.

ONCE more upon the Firth of Clyde,  
Once more upon the dancing sea ;  
From out the land-locked harbour wide  
Our *Anglia* sails right merrily.  
Old Arran rises on our right,  
Her mountains bathed in sunset light ;  
While toward the coast the vision turns,  
And rests upon the Land of Burns.

The western sky is all aglow ;  
The headlands bold are touched with light ;

Reflected beauty sleeps below,  
    Upon the waters pure and bright.  
It seems indeed a fitting eve  
Of Scotia dear to take our leave,  
And in a sunset hour so fair  
To bid “good-night” to Bonnie Ayr.

But now the mountains lose their gold,  
    And to the leeward sink from view ;  
The distant coast can scarce be told—  
    A line upon the ocean blue ;  
On Ailsa Craig and Rathlin Isle  
A single cloud attempts to smile ;  
And toward the coast the vision turns  
In vain, to find the Land of Burns.

Ruins and shrines where memories sleep  
    We leave behind on every side ;  
Dumbarton’s walls and frowning keep,  
    Which shield the beauty of the Clyde ;

Dunedin, darling of the North,  
Whose castle guards the winding Forth,  
And countless others, old and grey,  
Between the silver Tweed and Tay;

Sweet Ellen's Isle in beauty framed,  
Iona's shrine and dark Glencoe,  
Fair Melrose, and that valley famed  
Where Ettrick, Tweed, and Yarrow flow—  
They all come back this summer eve,  
As we of Scotia take our leave ;  
But more than all fond memory turns  
And rests on Ayr, the home of Burns.

For there the "Daisy" was upton,  
To blossom on a wider field ;  
And there the "Mousie," kindred born,  
Was first to poesie revealed.  
The land of "Auld Lang Syne" is there,  
The cotter's home, the evening prayer :



To these, in truth, the memory turns—  
To these, which make the Land of Burns.

And there his genius, Coila's maid,  
    In middle furrow stayed his plough,  
And left her lustrous mantle plaid,  
    And bound the holly round his brow ;  
And there love met the ploughman bard,  
Ere life to him seemed "luckless starred" ;  
And there most glorious hopes were born,  
Ere "Mary" from his heart was torn.

He felt "misfortune's cauld nor'-west,"  
    And saw that "man was made to mourn" ;  
The "Scarlet Letter" on his breast  
    Was never in concealment worn.  
With all his failings he was free  
From shadow of hypocrisy ;  
In grief he always felt the thorn,  
But boldly answered scorn with scorn.

It seemed his mission to bestow

On humble things the highest worth ;  
The streams that by his “ shieling ” flow  
Ripple in song o’er all the earth.

The little Kirk of Alloway  
Shines forth immortal in his lay,  
And, filled with witches, takes its stand,  
The ruin of his storied land.

He hears the “ Twa Dogs ” at his door  
Discuss the ways of human life ;  
He meets with “ Death ” upon the moor,  
With whom old “ Hornbook ” was at strife ;  
He talks familiar with the “ Deil,”  
As if he were a friendly chiel ;  
And “ Holy Fair ” upon the green  
Becomes a Sunday “ Halloween.”

He dared to use the pointed quill,  
While others bowed the knee to power ;

And Scotland owes a guerdon still  
To Burns, who left her fairest dower.  
It was his wish, "for Scotland's sake,  
Some useful plan or book to make ;"  
And evermore the pilgrim turns  
To Scotia dear, the Land of Burns.

The land of heath and shaggy wood  
To him was bathed in roseate light ;  
He knew each spot where heroes stood,  
And dared to battle for the right.  
True heroes of the olden time,  
Whose names still ring in freedom's chime,  
And make e'en strangers fondly turn  
Unto the field of Bannockburn.

His "Scots wha hae" rings out more clear  
Than any song in field or camp ;  
And others rise more true and dear—  
"The rank is but the guinea-stamp."

For there are grander fields to fight,  
Where man proclaims his brother's right ;  
And Burns of poets leads the van  
In simple truth—that man is man.

That little “cottage” thatched with straw  
Still speaks the truth he loved to sing :  
A glorious manhood free to a',  
Which titles could not take or bring.  
Mansions of rank are poor indeed  
Beside this cotter's lowly shed,  
And pride is humbled as it turns  
To cross the porch of Robert Burns.

## IX.

## THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

WELCOME, ye pleasant dales and hills,  
Where, dreamlike, passed my early days !  
Ye cliffs and glens and laughing rills  
That sing unconscious hymns of praise !  
Welcome, ye woods, with tranquil bowers  
Embathed in autumn's mellow sheen,  
Where careless childhood gathered flowers,  
And slept on mossy carpets green !

The same bright sunlight gently plays  
About the porch and orchard-trees ;

The garden sleeps in noontide haze,  
    Lulled by the murmuring of the bees ;  
The sloping meadows stretch away  
    To upland field and wooded hill ;  
The soft blue sky of peaceful day  
    Looks down upon the homestead still.

I hear the humming of the wheel—  
    Strange music of the days gone by ;  
I hear the clicking of the reel ;  
    Once more I see the spindle fly.  
How, then, I wondered at the thread  
    That narrowed from the snowy wool,  
Much more to see the pieces wed,  
    And wind upon the whirling spool !

I see the garret once again,  
    With rafter, beam, and oaken floor ;  
I hear the pattering of the rain  
    As summer clouds go drifting o'er.

The little window towards the west  
Still keeps its webs and buzzing flies,  
And from this cosy childhood nest  
Jack's bean-stalk reaches to the skies.

I see the circle gathered round  
The open fireplace glowing bright,  
While birchen sticks with crackling sound  
Send forth a rich and ruddy light.  
The window-sill is piled with sleet,  
The well-sweep creaks before the blast,  
But warm hearts make the contrast sweet,  
Sheltered from storm, secure and fast.

O loved ones of the long ago,  
Whose memories hang in golden frames,  
Resting beneath the maple's glow,  
Where few e'er read your chiselled names,  
Come back, as in that Christmas night,  
And fill the vacant chairs of mirth !

Ah me ! the dream is all too bright,  
And ashes lie upon the hearth.

Below the wood, beside the spring,  
Two little children are at play,  
And Hope, that bird of viewless wing,  
Sings in their hearts the livelong day.  
The acorn patters at their feet,  
The squirrel chatters 'neath the trees,  
And life and love are all complete—  
They hold Aladdin's lamp and keys.

And, sister, now my children come  
To find the water just as cool,  
To play about our grandsire's home,  
To see our pictures in the pool ;  
Their laughter fills the shady glen,  
The fountain gurgles o'er with joy  
That, after years full three times ten,  
It finds its little girl and boy.



No other spring in all the world  
Is half so clear and cool and bright,  
No other leaves by autumn curled  
Reflect for me such golden light.  
Of childhood's faith this is the shrine ;  
I kneel beside it now as then,  
And though the spring's no longer mine,  
I kiss its cooling lips again.

Unchanged it greets the changeful years ;  
Its life is one unending dream ;  
No record here of grief or tears,  
But, like the limpid meadow-stream,  
It seems to sympathise with youth,  
Just as the river does with age,  
And ever whispers—sweetest truth  
Is written on life's title-page.

## X.

THE ROCK WHERE MY MOTHER  
PLAYED.

I HEAR the notes of the Whip-poor-will  
As of old in the gathering shade ;  
I sit by the rock on the quiet hill  
Where in girlhood my mother played.

With cheeks out-blooming the morning flowers,  
And with heart as light as May,  
It was here that she came in the golden hours,  
By the lichened rock to play :

A granite waif, by glacier borne  
From a far-away northern sea ;  
It seemed so lonely, from kindred torn,  
That she kept it company.

Till all in fancy or witching dream  
It shone with a glimmering light,  
While fairies trooped in the moon's pale beam,  
To dance through the summer night.

And such was her tender grace to me,  
As we wandered the forest wild,  
That ever the fairies seemed to be  
Her playmates when a child.

And she, a queen of the Sylphid race,  
On her silvery throne held sway ;  
But alas ! I dream of her girlish face,  
And the rock is cold and grey.

For the fairies went when my mother died,  
And my years were scarcely ten ;  
I come to-night from wandering wide,  
But they never will come again.

I love the garden and orchard old,  
The meadows her footsteps pressed,  
And the stately oaks that shook their gold  
In the lap of their gentle guest.

I love the spring and the rippling rill,  
Where in evening she often strayed ;  
But dearer to me the quiet hill  
And the rock where my mother played.

## XI.

## ALPINE SPRING.

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*To my mother, Mary Ann MacAlpine Bruce.  
Dedicated at De Funiak Springs, Florida.*

---

I KNOW the mountain brooklets in the pass of wild  
Glencoe,

Where waved the MacAlpine standard a thousand  
years ago.

I have heard the pibroch sounding by stream and  
wooded fell,

And lingered in the gloaming beside St Ronan's Well.

I know the homestead fountain, where the waters  
bubble bright,

Beneath the oak and maple, aglow with golden light ;

I listen to the music of the gurgling sylvan rill,  
And the gentle mellow cadence of the wondering  
Whip-poor-will.

I wander down the footpath, in memory here to-day,  
With my mother to that springside in the hills so  
far away ;

I hear the old-time stories, kneel again beside her  
knee,

And the woodland's murmuring music through the  
twilight speaks to me ;

With a love that knows no distance, though deep  
shadows intervene,

Leading back the weary wanderer through the  
meadows fair and green,

With a love that lifts her rainbow though the skies  
be dark above—

Sunshine from a sphere immortal, born of heaven—  
a mother's love.

In the glory of this sunshine we have come in glad-  
ness now,

In the light that veils her presence, reverend with  
uncovered brow ;

Here beside the gentle music of fair waters flowing  
free—

Alpine Spring, my sainted mother, consecrates its  
heart to thee.

Come, then, children, free and happy, for her laugh  
was light as yours ;

Come, fair youth, with golden promise that abideth  
and endures ;

Come, fond age, that now is waiting for the bliss  
that she has won ;

Welcome to the Alpine fountain while its waters  
greet the sun.

## XII.

## A HAND-SHAKE.

TO A CLASSMATE, AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

WHAT ! fifteen years ? No, not that long !  
The record, David, must be wrong.  
Dear Mother Yale, correct your sight,  
It's only 'sixty-seven to-night.

There's some mistake—no jesting here—  
We're hardly out of senior year.  
Dear mother, look again, I pray !  
Last June was our Commencement-day.



The elms on old New Haven green  
Have scarcely lost their russet sheen ;  
It only seems an evening since  
We sat upon the college fence.

But tell me, now, whose bairns are these—  
Bright boys and girls, about your knees ?  
Somehow they seem to look like you.  
Old Yale is right—'tis 'eighty-two.

Ay, facts are chiels which winna ding,  
And bairns are facts the decades bring.  
Come home with me, I'll introduce  
Another flock that looks like Bruce.

I think we'll have another pair  
To take our seats in college there—  
Ah, David, how old Yale will shine  
When she receives your boys and mine !

They'll never sleep in Chapel !—no !—  
Like bricks tipped sideways in a row ;  
They'll never help each other through  
Old Euclid, like some lads we knew.

It's our good-luck and dearest joy  
To find more gold in each alloy ;  
For in each bright and childish face  
We both can read their mother's grace.

Let others boast their gear and wealth,  
These are our treasures, rich with health ;  
The living gold that's coined above,  
Fresh from the mint, and stamped with love.

Upon this truth we take our stand,  
Two brothers of a scattered band.

Give us your hand, for words are lame,  
I find you, David, just the same ;

With cheery voice, with generous heart,  
With will to do the manly part;  
A noble leader now as then—  
'Twas then of boys, but now of men.

## XIII.

## A NOONING.

YALE UNIVERSITY, 1887.

*(Read at the Phi Beta Kappa Meeting of the Twentieth  
Anniversary of the Class of 1867.)*

HANG up the scythe ! Yale's dinner-horn  
     Wakes hill and plain with echoes sweet ;  
 Again, as in the early morn,  
     The boys around one table meet,  
  
 To ask each other where and how  
     The sloping field or garden lies ;  
 To wipe the sweat-drops from the brow,  
     To brush the moisture from the eyes ;

To lay aside the coil of care,  
    To sit beneath the templed trees,  
A quiet hour of rest to share,  
    And bare the forehead to the breeze ;

To speak, till eyes and words grow dim,  
    Of those who by the wayside fell—  
Fond memory floods the bucket's brim  
    Which rises from the homestead well ;

To sing in brief and simple strain  
    The swelling music of the heart,  
A melody with sweet refrain  
    That sweeps beyond the bounds of art ;

To note the lines upon the face,  
    Where sunshine plays though wrinkles delve ;  
Their pointers mark meridian-place :  
    The college clock is striking twelve.

For us the forenoon's work is done,  
We celebrate our twentieth year,  
The elms shut out the blazing sun,  
The drowsy "nooning hour" is here.

We started forth when glittering dew  
Aladdin's tales did well repeat ;  
The skies have lost their roseate hue,  
The stubble crackles 'neath our feet.

We started when the fields were bright,  
And shadows all behind us lay ;  
From noontide now till fading light  
The shadows fall the other way.

We went with many a ringing shout,  
With merry boast and lusty cheer ;  
We come with love that conquers doubt,  
With hope that triumphs over fear.

We've earned at least an idle hour  
To talk together in the shade—  
The boy who drew the diamond bower,  
Or he who held the poorest spade ;

The boy who toiled with brawny arm,  
The youth with fortune's spoon of gold,  
Or lad, like "David," born to charm  
With plumèd flights of genius bold.

We see each individual man  
Portrayed as in a magic glass,  
When sixty-seven led the van—  
A royal, independent class,

Which kept its course through sun and shade  
With grit that never knew defeat,  
And wrote upon each ringing blade  
"Macte Virtute !" Hard to beat.

We had no leaders, so to speak,  
    No towering genius of control,  
A new republic every week—  
    A grand committee of the whole,

Which went its way, yes, different ways,  
    In that cosine and tangent year,  
Twin Euclid-babes in solemn baize,  
    Borne on the old biennial bier.

We marched full front in battle line,  
    We never drilled in squad or file,  
No colonel decked in sashes fine—  
    High privates all in general style.

We read of Arthur's matchless sword,  
    And each one thought to try a hand ;  
But visions fled when monthly board  
    Dispersed the brave and knightly band.



We traced the bright inscription fair—

“Who pulls this blade from out the stone ;”

But, ah ! no Merlin’s skill was there,

And none might draw the sword alone.

And then we dreamed of Portia dear,

With towers and castles ready made ;

But no Antonio was near

To start us in the casket trade.

Till dawned the meaning of the tales

By Mallory and Shakespeare told—

He must attempt who wins or fails,

And “all that glistens is not gold” ;

That there are other knights of fame

Than Galahad or brave Gawaine,

And other maids of sweeter name

Than Portia fair or dear Elaine ;

That patience does not always win,  
Or genius dream its way to power,  
But both united enter in  
To take the sword and princely dower ;

That neither wins the race alone,  
That patience pulls while genius steers ;  
Talent is muscle, brawn, and bone,  
Genius the master of the gears.

Ay, such the lesson of old Yale,  
The crowning glory of her blue—  
That pluck and patience never fail  
With genius cockswain of the crew.

O darling mother, loved, revered  
By loyal sons in every land,  
Proud of the temples you have reared,  
We come to take you by the hand ;

To look into your loving face,  
And see the roses on your cheeks,  
To note the glow and matchless grace,  
The living eloquence that speaks

Of native mettle in the man,  
That sends him forth to do and dare,  
With "menu" spelled American—  
Our Alma Mater's "bill of fare."

And so we come from many a field,  
From town and city far and near,  
To trace again your storied shield,  
And read once more our title clear ;

To hail the fair and crowning arch,  
The widening portal of your fame,  
To note the ever onward march  
Of steadfast Yale with newer name ;

A University, in truth,  
That meets the people's high demand,—  
A fountain of eternal youth,  
The pride and glory of the land.

So may we come for many a year,  
Through smiles and tears with spirits blithe,  
A loyal band of classmates dear,  
Till Time for us hangs up his scythe.

## XIV.

## THE NUPTIALS.

NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE, 1883.

THE nuptial-knot at last is firmly tied ;  
A hundred bells ring out a merry chime,  
A hundred wires proclaim to every clime—  
Manhattan takes fair Brooklyn for his bride.  
In strength and beauty growing side by side,  
Cities betrothed, you waited vigorous prime,  
Like steadfast lovers of the olden time,  
Ere greed and gain our early faith defied.

We wish you joy. No longer twain, but one,  
For ever bound in links of triple steel ;

You need no marriage ritual to rehearse,  
Which Venice chanted to bright Adria won ;  
No golden ring ; the service now is real—

“ Each other take for better or for worse.”

## XV.

## “ INASMUCH.”

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

You say that you want a Meetin'-house for the boys  
in the gulch up there,

And a Sunday-school with pictur'-books ? Well, put  
me down for a share.

I believe in little children ; it's as nice to hear 'em  
read

As to wander round the ranch at noon and see the  
cattle feed.

And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preach-  
in' born,

Who let alone the husks of creed and measure out  
the corn.

The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are Gos-  
pel-fed ;

And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star of  
Glory led.

So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the  
stalls ;

I always give the best I've got whenever my part-  
ner calls.

And, stranger, let me tell you : I'm beginning to  
suspect

That all the world are partners, whatever their creed  
or sect ;

That life is a kind of pilgrimage—a sort of Jericho  
road,

And kindness to one's fellows the sweetest law in  
the code.



No matter about the 'nitals—from a farmer, you  
understand,

Who's generally had to play it alone from rather an  
or'nary hand.

I've never struck it rich, for farming, you see, is  
slow ;

And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices  
are always low.

A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the  
same ;

The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes  
wins the game.

It assists a fellow's praying when he's down upon  
his knees—

“ Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of  
these.”

I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't stop to  
quote ;

It's a different thing to know them or to say them  
off by rote.

I'll tell you where I learned them, if you'll step in  
from the rain :

'Twas down in 'Frisco, years ago—had been there  
hauling grain ;

It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento  
pike,

Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shan-  
ties scatterin' like—

Not the likeliest place to be in. I remember the  
saloon,

With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all  
in one.

And this made up the picture—my hair was not  
then grey,

But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yester-  
day.

A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter  
there—

Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with  
grief and care ;

And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold—

Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old.

She said : "Two bits for bread and tea, ma hasn't much to eat ;

She hopes next week to work again, and buy us all some meat.

We've been half-starved all winter, but spring will soon be here,

And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is always near.' "

Just then a dozen men came in ; the boy was called away

To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as Fortyniners say.

I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud

As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd.

But the poor tired girl sat waiting, lost at last to  
    revels deep,

On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast  
    asleep.

Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one  
    at the bar

Said, “Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over  
    thar?”

The boy then told her story; and that crew, so fierce  
    and wild,

Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing  
    of the child.

The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader:  
    “Boys, see here;

All day we’ve been pouring whisky, drinking deep  
    our Christmas cheer.

Here’s two dollars. I’ve got feelings, which are not  
    entirely dead,

For this little girl and mother suffering for the want  
    of bread.”

"Here's a dollar." "Here's another ;" and they all  
chipped in their share,

And they planked the ringing metal down upon the  
counter there.

Then the spokesman took a golden double-eagle from  
his belt,

Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the  
sleeper knelt ;

Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed her  
silver piece for gold.

"See there, boys ! the girl is dreaming." Down her  
cheeks the tear-drops rolled.

One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to  
the street.

Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her  
feet

With a dazed and strange expression, saying : "Oh,  
I thought 'twas true !

Ma was well, and we were happy ; round our door-  
stone roses grew.

We had everything we wanted, food enough, and  
clothes to wear ;

And my hand burns where an angel touched it soft  
with fingers fair.”

As she looked and saw the money in her fingers  
glistening bright—

“Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she  
won’t believe me quite,

How you’ve sent ’way up to heaven, where the  
golden treasures are,

And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery  
bar.”

That’s a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought  
you’d like to hear ;

True to fact and human nature, pointing out one’s  
duty clear.

Hence, to matters of subscription you will see that  
I’m alive—

Just mark off that dollar, stranger ; I think I’ll  
make it five.

## XVI.

## THE PRINTER-BOY'S DREAM.

ON a rickety stool by a rickety door  
Of the editor's room on the upper floor,

In the inner sanctum of pen and shears,  
Sat a printer's boy of uncertain years

Waiting for copy ; and all was still  
Save the rasping scratch of a rapid quill.

The Carrier's Address was being born  
In the old-time verse for the New Year's morn ;

And the editor wrote like a man inspired,  
But the hour was late, and the boy was tired.

Congressional Records, in binding grim,  
And Patent Reports looked down on him—

Plump volumes revealing the nation's health,  
And of books the editor's only wealth.

Large files of papers, dusty and old,  
In unswept corners quietly told

That his paper was somehow a thing of dates,  
While the plums were reserved for happier fates.

But the books, and the files, and the editor grey,  
To the drowsy boy were fading away;

And the narrow room seemed a gallery grand,  
With rich wrought carvings on every hand.



Beautiful volumes quaint and old,  
Yellow vellums with clasps of gold,

Arranged in ebony cases rare,  
Greeted his vision everywhere ;

And he noted—the books in tens were placed,  
And a hundred volumes each alcove graced.

Eighteen were closed with a brazen bar,  
But the Nineteenth alcove was still ajar.

No parchment here ; the books were new,  
And the last was registered Eighty-two ;

While a boy in feature resembling him,  
Not ragged and soiled, but neat and trim,

Near the lower shelf, he seemed to see  
Placing another marked Eighty-three ;

And an angel sat in a golden chair,  
Writing in characters bright and fair

With a noiseless pen ; and the volume bore  
On the clear white margin Eighty-four.

But the vision vanished with, "Johnny, come !  
This to the foreman, and then go home.

"Wait, one line more—a merry cheer !  
To each and all a blithe New Year !"

Gone were the alcoves with carving old,  
And volumes rich with clasps of gold ;

The Patent Reports came back again,  
The whitewashed wall, the dingy den ;

And the angel that sat in glory there  
Was the editor grey in his old arm-chair.

## XVII.

## THE SLAVE'S PRAYER.

WE had tramped through field and forest,

O the long and dreary way !

With the stars alone to guide us,

For we dared not move by day—

Jack and I, two Union soldiers,

Just escaped from prison-shed,

Squalid, ghastly, shoeless, starving,

And no place to ask for bread ;

Swimming rivers deep and swollen,  
Crossing mountains grim and dark,  
Wading marshes, crouched in thickets,  
Trembling at the bloodhound's bark.

O the chill nights marched in silence,  
As the weeks crept slowly past ;  
Leagues away the Union army,  
Where we dreamed of rest at last.

But our strength was wellnigh broken,  
When, one night, the Lord be praised !  
Right before us, through the pine-trees,  
Suddenly a camp-fire blazed.

Straight we turned, but stayed our footsteps,  
As upon the evening air  
Came the gentle, broken accents  
Of a heartfelt, earnest prayer.

Drawing nearer through the shadows,  
Creeping close from tree to tree,  
There a white-haired slave was kneeling,  
Asking God for liberty.

And his words were sweet and touching  
As the first prayer of a child,  
And it seemed that God's own presence  
Filled the forest vast and wild.

And the "Amen" that he uttered  
Seemed to echo through the trees ;  
But it might have been our voices,  
For he started from his knees,

And he glanced in fear about him,  
And his look was wild with fright.  
"Save us ! we are Union soldiers ;  
We implore your help to-night.

“Tell us, where’s the Union army?”

And we stood before him there,  
Wan and ghost-like, hardly human,  
Haggard phantoms of despair.

Then we sat and told our story  
While he served his simple food,  
And the moaning pines above us  
Whispered low in plaintive mood.

And the midnight stars were shining  
Ere we rose to take our way,  
And we knelt—we all were brothers—  
As he bowed again to pray.

From that heart by bondage broken,  
From that son of toil and pain,  
Rose a prayer more true and tender  
Than I e’er shall hear again.

And throughout the weary marches,  
Through long nights of care and fear,  
Those sweet words were ever with us,  
Filling both our hearts with cheer.

And we reached the Union army,  
And we told our story there,  
And the "boys" were hushed and breathless  
As we gave that old slave's prayer.

## XVIII.

## WENDELL PHILLIPS.

HE raised his voice—the scornful smiled,  
A jeering rabble came to hear ;  
The statesman mocked, the mob reviled,  
Pulpit and press gave little cheer.

He raised his voice—the scoffer frowned,  
Disciples gathered day by day ;  
In him the living Word was found,  
The light, the life, the truth, the way.



He raised his voice—the crowded hall  
    Answered to eloquence and right ;  
And statesmen heard at last the call  
    Of freemen rising in their might.

He raised his voice—the shackles fell,  
    And all beneath the stars were free.  
Ring out ! ring out, centennial bell,  
    The living fact of liberty !

## XIX.

## KINDNESS.

DEDICATED TO MRS JAMES A. GARFIELD.

*(Read at Hiram College, Ohio, 1885.)*

THE fountain gives birth to the stream,  
The stream glides on to the sea ;  
The sun looks down, and its beam  
Lifts moisture to gladden the lea ;  
The hills and the mountains rejoice,  
The valleys with deep verdure lined ;  
One chorus the elements voice—  
With love every law is entwined.

The rose leans over the brook,  
And blushes its beauty to trace ;  
The waters, entranced in a nook,  
Delight in the glow of its face.  
Then onward through grasses and ferns  
The rill laughs at stones in its way ;  
New charm to the woodland returns,  
The mosses are jewelled with spray.

There is nothing that lives to itself,  
Be it ever so near or so far,  
From the weed on the sea's coral shelf  
To the fleck of the farthestmost star ;  
No atom removed or estranged,  
No minute divorced from the hours,  
Blind force is to sympathy changed,  
And each link is enwoven with flowers.

No life is so strong and complete  
But it yearns for the smile of a friend ;

A remembrance is always more sweet  
When love and kind wishes attend.  
Your red-lippèd roses still speak,  
Your blossoms, carnation and white—  
But alas ! my tribute is weak ;  
I bring but a pansy to-night—

To fade ; but your garlands remain,  
Unwithered your chaplet survives ;  
No deed can be idle or vain  
That strengthens or sweetens our lives ;  
And richer the token to me  
From the dear *alma mater* of one  
Revered from the lakes to the sea,  
Your lover and brother and son.

His life has flowed down to the deep,  
His record enriches the earth,  
And memory's roses shall keep  
Their bloom where the stream had its birth.

The voice of our Garfield is still,  
But the word of the man cannot die ;  
His courage our pulses enthrill,  
Our dreams to his manhood reply.

## XX.

## REPENTANCE.

A CURSE was hurled into the air :—

That God a brother's soul might blast.

The hot tears fell. Then rose a prayer,—

That God might guard and keep it fast.

Swift sped the curse, but swifter far

The white-winged prayer on mercy's breath ;

While angels o'er Heaven's crystal bar

Beheld the race of life and death.

The bat-like curse in dazzling light

Uncertain now its journey keeps,

While up through heavenly radiance bright

The victor prayer in triumph sweeps.

The crystal bar wide open flies,  
The prayer is safe in Paradise ;  
It closes at the angel's nod,  
The curse ne'er reached the throne of God.

## XXI.

## LONGFELLOW.

AGAIN I see him on the sunlit lawn,  
As in the May-day of that final year,  
With brow as radiant as the early dawn,  
And eye transparent as the heavens clear.  
With cloak o'er shoulder thrown in careless grace  
He stands enframed in budding flowers and  
trees,  
A genial Orpheus, with Olympian face  
For ever fanned by pure Arcadian breeze.



Ah, more to me than Prospero's magic isle

The paths and greensward where the poet  
dreamed !

The opening blossoms wooed his kindly smile,

The expectant flowers with richer colours  
gleamed.

My soul still clasps the warm and generous  
hand

Which wields the sceptre of a kingless land.

## XXII.

## DECORATION-DAY.

WE deck to-day each soldier's grave,  
We come with offerings pure and white  
To strew the mounds of those who gave  
Their all to keep our honour bright.

We cannot pay the debt we owe ;  
They gave their lives that we might live ;  
Our warmest words fall far below  
The worship that we fain would give.

O country ! fairest of the free ;  
Columbia !—name for ever blest ;  
O lost “ Atlantis ” of the sea !  
Securely anchored in the West ;

Unfold the flag their hands have borne !  
The shreds of many a well-fought field ;  
The stripes alone are rent and torn,  
The stars are there, our sacred shield.

Those stars are ours because they died,  
The blue is dearer for their sake,  
Who sleep on many a green hillside,  
In ranks that never more will break.

For well they wore the colour true  
That holds our constellation fair,  
And evermore the “ Boys in Blue ”  
Shall have a day of rest and prayer.

Yes, martyred heroes of the free !

We kneel beside your mounds and pray  
That God our nation's guard may be,  
And comrade's hope from day to day.

O day baptised in blood and tears !

The blood was theirs, the tears are ours ;  
And children's children through the years  
Shall strew their graves with sweetest flowers.

And May-day garlands all in bloom

Will quicken other verse than mine,  
And decorate the soldier's tomb  
From Southern palm to Northern pine.

## XXIII.

## THE CANDLE PARADE.

*(Read at the Eighteenth Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac at Saratoga Springs, 1887.)*

[One night, after the Army of the Potomac had returned from the capture of Richmond to its old camp on the hills of Alexandria, a company, each man carrying a lighted candle in his gun, began to march in sportive procession. Regiments and brigades caught the spirit, and the accumulated supplies of candle rations were soon utilised by dancing columns wheeling and winding in every direction as far as the eye could reach.]

ONCE again Potomac's Army answers to the muster-roll ;

Once again the old-time music thrills the soldier's heart and soul.

Rank on rank, with cheer and gladness, rally at the  
bugle-call

On the field of Saratoga, underneath its mountain-  
wall,

Where M'Gregor's evening shadows fall upon the  
crystal tide,

At the gateway of the cottage where the nation's  
hero died ;

Where the streams in gentle music still our father's  
requiem chant,

And the pine, the oak, the maple, and the laurel  
echo—Grant.

Name revered, that clasps great rivers evermore in  
loving thrall :

Queenly Hudson, fair Potomac, Mississippi—king  
of all ;

Rivers three, that bind one nation from the Gulf to  
Northern lakes,

From the Rockies to Virginia, where the loud At-  
lantic breaks ;

Arms entwined and interlocking, holding in their  
wide embrace

Sweeping hills and lordly mountains of the Appa-  
lachian race ;

Fertile fields and rolling prairies with their wealth  
of floral bloom,

Plucked and borne by loving fingers to the loyal  
Logan's tomb.

Fruit of gold in silver pictures—waving fields by  
rivers framed ;

States discordant reunited, love and land and flag  
reclaimed :

Fruit of gold—a century's harvest, in war's reaping  
rudely shorn—

Garnered heroes, named and nameless, swift on fiery  
chariots borne.

Rest in peace by stately rivers, martyred soldiers of  
the free !

Rest, brave captain, at our threshold, where the  
Hudson meets the sea !

While Mount Vernon's sacred portal sentinels Poto-  
mac's waves,

Mississippi sends her greetings to the streams that  
guard their graves.

Fair Potomac ! dear Potomac ! at thy name what  
memories throng !

Deeds of heroism blazoned in a nation's art and  
song.

Onward sweeps the steady column to the sound of  
fife and drum ;

Solid phalanx, proud battalion ; see the sun-browned  
veterans come.

Forward, to the touch of elbow, as of old in long  
review :

Missing comrades take their places in the ranks that  
wear the blue.

"On to Richmond !" "On to Richmond !" swells  
the old familiar cry.

"On this line"—you know the context—comes the  
soldier's brief reply.



Southward now, with ranks concentring, reads the  
order of the day,  
Wilderness and Spottsylvania marking halts along  
the way,  
Where the trees are mowed with bullets—brothers  
battling hand to hand—  
Blue and grey, with kindred courage worthy of one  
fatherland ;  
Both alike in silent trenches guarding now the  
peaceful scene,  
Waiting till the morn's réveill  wakes the camps of  
waving green.  
Southward still across North Anna, thirty miles from  
Rapidan ;  
Southward, by the left flank marching, gallant Han-  
cock in the van.  
  
How each message, fraught with glory, taught a  
listening land the names  
Of the Old Dominion rivers, from Potomac to the  
James !

How you kept the "Dailies" busy with their topographic maps—

One eye on the Shenandoah, one on Sherman's shoulder-straps!

Sheridan in rapid orbit, like a genuine son of Mars,

Sherman on the outer circle, Saturn-like among the stars;

Here and there a warlike comet—dauntless Custer, dashing "Kil";

But they had to "get up Early" to compete with "Little Phil."

Who can paint that panorama, clear and perfect in detail?

Who can trace the telling bullets in that storm of leaden hail?

Who can twine a fitting garland for each dear heroic name,

Or untwist the strands of glory in the cable of our fame?

This sufficeth and abideth—every thread is firm and  
true ;

Homespun texture, double woven, colours fast—red,  
white, and blue ;

Knotted well at Appomattox, tied to keep the  
threads in place,

Never more to be unravelled in the nation's onward  
race.

Homeward now with flaunting banners, every heart  
with triumph thrills ;

Homeward to the old-time quarters on the Alex-  
andria hills.

Once again a thousand camp-fires on the wide  
horizon glow ;

Once again the canvas city spreads its tents of  
drifted snow ;

All the long, fierce conflict over, day of Jubilee is  
here ;

No more longing, no more waiting—give us, boys, a  
song of cheer.

Hail the bright-illumined city, with its crowning  
dome of white!

Hail Columbia! hail Potomac! All the land is  
free to-night!

What is that along the hillside? See a hundred  
twinkling points

Starting up and gliding slowly, serpent-like, with  
glittering joints.

Mark the sweeping curves of beauty as in waving  
lines it breaks,

Holding all the wide encampment in its folds of  
fiery flakes—

Solid squares and ranks of twinkle putting phantasy  
to shame;

Phosphorous billows in the darkness gemmed with  
drifting dots of flame;

Ghostly folds of sable serge-cloth trimmed with glit-  
tering golden braid;

Spirit-lights of weird battalions dancing all in mas-  
querade.

You remember well the sombre silence of that vision  
vast ;

As a background for the pageant, all the sky was  
overcast.

Then upon the stillness breaking came the old  
familiar airs,

Choral links of home and camp-fire treasured in a  
nation's prayers—

“Home, sweet home” and “John Brown's body,”  
“Dixie-land” and “Old Camp-ground,”

Swinging symphonies commingled in one bright  
bouquet of sound.

Then from out the ruddy petals “Forward !” came  
the order shrill,

And the visioned scene was mortal—'twas the fa-  
mous candle-drill.

No one knew just how it started, how that strange  
parade began,

Emblem of the nation's genius and the individual  
man ;

Waiting not lieutenant's order, epaulette, or crimson  
sash,

Blending in the ready impulse Saxon grit and  
Gaelic dash.

Here, perhaps, a lighted candle in a musket, just for  
play,

Then a score, platoon, battalion—all the scene is  
under way,

And the chorus, proudly swelling, stirs the heart of  
every corps,

“We are coming, Father Abram, fifty thousand  
candles more.”

We are coming, we are coming, as of old the army  
came—

“Wide Awakes” and “Little Giants,” in one lava-  
stream of flame,

Knowing but one common duty when the banner  
was defied,

Stirred in every nerve and fibre when the gallant  
Ellsworth died.

Steadfast Lincoln, Douglas greets you with his fol-  
lowers tried and true :

“Keep for aye the nation’s honour, all the stars  
within the blue.”

Noble hero ! generous rival ! both, alas ! too soon to  
fall.

Lincoln ! still the Douglas greets you, “Dinna ye  
hear the slogan call ?”

Not more quickly sprang that pageant from the  
silence of the night

Than the army of the people panoplied in freedom’s  
might ;

Not more swiftly Concord’s message flashed from  
Boston’s Old North spire ;

Not more speedily the answer to Clan Alpine’s Cross  
of Fire ;

Not more ready Roderick’s followers springing at  
the whistle shrill,

Than the loyal yeoman soldiers starting up from  
plain and hill.

Not more quickly Highland claymores sank in copse  
and heathered glen

Than the grand old army veterans back into the  
land again.

“One from many,” reads our motto, wider, deeper  
than before—

Not of states, but individuals—“We, the people,”  
evermore !

Tell me not of servile soldiers who for king or  
sovereign died,

Here a million kings and sovereigns marched to  
victory side by side ;

Brothers all in sacred compact, file and captain  
equal born ;

Comrade answering to comrade, waiting for the  
promised morn.

Far and wide each gleaming taper, “like a good  
deed,” shines abroad,

Till the flaming heights of freedom manifest the  
will of God.



But the hillside's fading beauty tells us the parade  
is o'er,

Like the embers of the camp-fire dying out for ever-  
more.

Only now in distant windows gleams the candle  
through the night,

And the camp-fires change to firesides, with their  
cheery visions bright

Streaming out into the darkness past the lane and  
wicket-gate,

Where the mother, wife, and sister, all the loved  
and loving, wait.

Glorious land to live or die for ! Let Columbia  
bend her knee

As she grants her proudest honours to the soldiers  
of the free.

## XXIV.

## THE SILENT SOLDIER.

[When Grant was dying, a ray of sunlight through the half-closed shutters of his room fell upon Lincoln's picture, leaving the General's portrait, which hung beside it, in deep shadow. After lingering for a moment upon the brow of the martyred President, it passed, at the instant of death, and played upon the portrait of the great General.]

FROM gulf to lake, from sea to sea,  
The land is draped—a nation weeps ;  
And o'er the bier bows reverently,  
Whereon the silent soldier sleeps.

The mountain-top is bathed in light ;  
And eastern cliff with outlook wide—  
Its name shall live in memory bright—  
The Mount MacGregor, where he died.

A monument to stand for aye,  
In summer's bloom, in winter's snows ;  
A shrine where men shall come to pray,  
While at its base the Hudson flows.

A humble room, the light burns low ;  
The morning breaks on distant hill ;  
The failing pulse is beating slow ;  
The group is motionless and still.

Two portraits hang upon the wall,  
Two kindred pictures side by side—  
Statesman and soldier, loved by all—  
Lincoln and Grant, Columbia's pride.

A single ray through lattice streams,  
And breaks in rainbow colours there ;  
On Lincoln's brow a glory gleams  
As wife and children kneel in prayer.

A halo round the martyr's head,  
It lights the sad and solemn room ;  
Above the living and the dead  
The soldier's portrait hangs in gloom—

In shadow one, and one in light :  
But look ! the pencil-ray has passed,  
And on the hero's picture bright  
The golden sunlight rests at last.

And so, throughout the coming years,  
On both the morning beam shall play,  
When the long night of bitter tears  
Has melted in the light away.

## XXV.

## ON GUARD.

THE 150TH REGIMENT AT GETTYSBURG.

WE cannot consecrate this field,  
Or hallow ground where heroes stood ;—  
Thus spoke the man whose words have sealed  
Our lips in Freedom's Holyrood.

We cannot dedicate. Too well  
Our Lincoln knew the Temple's cost,  
He heard the nation's anthem swell :—  
Your deeds survive, our words are lost.

The brave men, living and the dead,  
    Who wrought the epic of the free,  
Have consecrated here, he said,  
    The land, the world, to liberty.

And now amid the whirling years,  
    That punctuate the swift decades,  
You come with blended joy and tears,  
    In peace beneath the gathering shades,

To contemplate from hill to hill  
    The line you held those bitter days,  
Again to feel your pulses thrill,  
    Once more to take your meed of praise ;

With noble monument to mark  
    The spot where Duchess tried and true  
Stood by the faith when skies were dark,  
    And stars were blotted from the blue ;

A picket outpost here for aye  
    With watchword of the Hudson born,  
To note the moonlight shadows play,  
    To greet with joy the early morn ;

A silent sentinel to keep  
    Its post along the quiet line ;  
A Bannockburn, where brothers sleep—  
    A Waterloo, where roses twine.

Ay, Gettysburg, thy name at last  
    Proclaims the triumph of the race ;—  
'Tis here the future greets the past,  
    And faith asserts her crowning grace.

No other battle-field like thine,  
    Where love joins hands across the way,  
One flag, one land, a sacred shrine  
    Alike unto the Blue and Grey.

Then rear the graven stone with pride  
    Along the line where freedom's van  
Shall speak to generations wide  
    The final victory of man :—

That love and law shall reign supreme  
    Where'er the starry banner waves  
When stones that now in sunlight gleam  
    Shall lie in dust above their graves.



## XXVI.

## OUR NATION FOR EVER.

*(Sung by six thousand voices at the close of a Union Concert  
of Northern and Southern Songs in the Chautauqua  
Amphitheatre, 1883.)*

RING out to the stars the glad chorus !

Let bells in sweet melody chime ;

Ring out to the sky bending o'er us

The chant of a nation sublime :

One land with a history glorious !

One God and one faith all victorious !

The songs of the camp-fires are blended,

The North and the South are no more ;

The conflict for ever is ended,  
From the lakes to the palm-girded shore.

One people united for ever  
In hope greets the promising years ;  
No discord again can dissever  
A Union cemented by tears.

The past shall retain but one story—  
A record of courage and love ;  
The future shall cherish one glory,  
While the stars shine responsive above.

With emotions of pride and of sorrow,  
Bring roses and lilies to-day ;  
In the dawn of the nation's to-morrow  
We garland the Blue and the Grey.  
One land with a history glorious !  
One God and one faith all victorious !

## XXVII.

## THE TRIP OF THE BELL.

FROM Northern tide  
To bayou wide,  
With homage meet  
The old bell greet !  
Uncovered stand  
Through all the land  
While chimes peal out  
Its royal route !

Ring, Baltimore !  
Thy Ches'peake shore  
By nobler guest  
Was never pressed.  
With loyal pride  
Swell free and wide  
Thy chorus grand,  
“ My Maryland ! ”

Ring, Washington !  
The bell that won  
Triumphant fame  
In freedom's name  
Waits at thy gate  
In sovereign state.  
With anthem sweet  
Columbia greet !

Ring, Richmond, ring !  
Warm tribute bring,

Dominion old,  
Where patriots bold  
Oppression spurned,  
With words that burned  
From Sumter's strand  
To Plymouth's sand.

Atlanta, ring !  
Proud steeples swing  
With welcome note  
From brazen throat !  
The bell salute  
Whose lips, now mute,  
Bade tyrants cower  
To freedom's power.

Ring, New Orleans !  
Fair queen of queens,  
The centuries share  
Thy reverend prayer.

God guard the bell  
Which rang so well  
Our nation's birth  
And manhood's worth !

## XXVIII.

## THE MUSIC OF LIGHT.

THE joyous song of the morning stars  
The poet caught in the dawn of time ;  
He read the notes of the heavenly bars,  
His soul was thrilled with the choral chime.

Through mystic years the Egyptian heard  
From Memnon's statue a harp-like tone,  
And marvelled at the elusive word  
From raylit lips of lifeless stone.

In Orphic and Homeric days

    The god of music was god of light,  
And strung Aurora's rhythmic rays  
    Across the vibrant lyre of night.

And *savants* now in the world's high noon

    The visions of olden times rehearse ;  
For rhythm of music and light are one,  
    And science reflects the poet's verse.



## XXIX.

## THE FOREST BALLOT.

WHEN the trees their ballots cast,  
And the forests all are polled,  
Which will win the suffrage vast—  
Crimson leaves or leaves of gold?

In the radiant autumn days,  
Silently on hill and wold,  
Through the amber-tinted haze,  
Fall the leaves of red and gold—

Leaves that keep the cruel stain  
Of the blood of brothers dead,  
Symbols of a nation's pain :  
Count them sadly—leaves of red ;

Leaves that hold the mellow light  
Of the stars on banner-fold,  
Symbols of enduring right :  
Count them gladly—leaves of gold ;

Emblems those of dire defeat,  
Emblems these of courage bold ;  
Which will triumph, which is meet—  
Crimson leaves or leaves of gold ?

By the record of the past,  
By that story proudly told,  
By fair freedom won at last,  
Crimson yields to leaves of gold.

By the faith that conquers doubt,  
Right will triumph as of old.  
See! The red is fading out,  
Clearer glow the tints of gold.

So, when all the leaves are cast,  
And the forest vote is polled,  
With a suffrage wide and vast  
Victory crowns the leaves of gold.

## XXX.

## NOBBY ISLAND, RIVER ST LAWRENCE.

You tell me you want a poem to-night,  
A yard and a half of visions bright,  
A Highland plaid for the Thousand Isles,  
A rainbow scarf of forty miles—  
Something worthy the fairy dream  
Of this rural Venice and sainted stream,  
A modest request, when every morn  
Your Thousand Island poem is born.

I sit by the rock where the waters laugh,  
But the Muse refuses her autograph ;  
I mount to the summit of Pullman's tower,  
But the picture transcends the poet's power ;  
In Carleton's hammock I fondly swing,  
But fail to find his magic ring ;  
And all, perhaps, because the real,  
Just here is greater than the ideal.

The same is true of the Hudson stream,  
Illumed with the light of fancy's dream ;  
But that is straightforward compared with this  
Kaleidoscope of enchanted bliss ;  
With her I have taken my poems straight,  
And never before have tempted fate,  
For rash is the poet who has the cheek  
With these islands to play at hide-and-seek.

So let these wanderers lose their way  
'Mid sunny islands where echoes play ;

Our words are whispers, the purest gold  
Is that which hearts of love enfold.  
The simplest lines hold richest truth ;  
The sweetest lives enduring youth ;  
Let these abide and sunlight smile  
For evermore on Nobby Isle.

## XXXI.

## THE CLUB OF TAHAWAS.

ONCE more on the shore of the Upper Ausable  
We gather to-night—the “Knights of the Table,”  
With purple-peaked mountains above and below us,  
To drink to the “health” of the Club of Tahawas.

Unloosen the knapsack, and ring out a chorus  
To brothers and friends who have been here before  
us ;

With greeting to streamlet and cascade that know  
us,

We mingle our song with the voice of Tahawas.

The clan-word is sounded, the camp-fires are burning ;

Tahawas ! Tahawas ! your sons are returning.

Hark ! hear the response ! ay, the Gothics hurrah us,

And welcome their children, the Club of Tahawas.

It was here we were reared in our earliest childhood,  
In Panther-Gorge Lodge—darkest glen of the wild-wood,

In deep forest shadows, ere “ Mountain Phelps ” saw us :

A pledge, boys, to Sky-light, high-priest of Tahawas.

Three cheers and a tiger ! Hurrah for the mountains !

For Colden and Feldspar—the Hudson’s clear fountains !

Love’s lodestone magnetic for ever shall draw us  
To bow in thy worship, wide-ruling Tahawas !



There is drouth in our canteens, ye knights of blue  
flannel ;

Dip full to the brim from the pebble-white channel ;

Then up with the cup, and—" May catamounts claw  
us

The day we forget thee, dear Club of Tahawas ! "

## XXXII.

## AN ISLAND FANCY.

WHICH is the fairest of Shakespeare's girls—

The brightest, the dearest of all his train,  
That shook to the breeze their dancing curls

In the sweetness and spring-tide of beauty's  
reign?

Shall I answer you? Portia, in Belmont's bower?  
Or fair Imogen in her Warwick tower?

Dear Jessica, Rosalind, Isabel?

Nay, answer yourself; I cannot tell.

But which would you name for your wedded choice?

Pray, which would you marry? tell me that :

Cordelia true, with her gentle voice?

Sweet Anne Page, in her Stratford hat?

Fond Juliet, gazing at trembling stars

From balcony, casement, and lattice bars?

Would you rather be her Romeo,

Or somebody's else? I hardly know.

For I like the moonlight on Belmont's bowers,

And the Annies that wander by Avon-stream,

And the maiden of Warwick's cloud-capped towers,

And the Capulet gardens where lovers dream.

But which would I marry? Which would you?

First tell me the rainbow's loveliest hue.

Ah! life would be of heaven a lease

With Viola, Celia, or Beatrice.

But answer me truly! Well, dearer than all,

Than Perdita, Hero, or Hermione,

Is lovely Miranda in Prospero's hall,

In bright sunny island far out in the sea:

Miranda the peerless, the sweetest, the best,

In magical island far out in the west,

Where waves break in beauty on sun-tinted  
strand—

If I am mistaken, then ask Ferdinand.

Which is the fairest of all who came

At the word of the conjurer, Walter Scott?

Princess and lady of titled name,

Lassie and maiden of lowly lot?

Edith Plantagenet, royal by birth?

Catherine Glover, the fair maid of Perth?

Brave Jeanie Deans, with her eloquent  
prayer?

Eveline Berenger, Constance or Clare?

Which would I marry? Edith of Lorn?

Rose of Bradwardine, gentle and mild?

Brave Alice Bridgenorth, Puritan born ?

Or bright Alice Lee, the Cavalier's child ?

Rebecca, Rowena, or Julia the fair ?

Edith Bellenden, with King Charles's chair ?

Saxon or Norman or Jewess ? Ah me !

Thrice happy to win any one of the three.

But is there no choice ? Well, dearer to me

Than Flora MacIvor of lineage high,

Than Bertha, who sailed over many a sea

To find her bold Hereward 'neath sunnier sky ;

Than Robert's Brenhilda of Normandy's soil,

Or the radiant daughters of bluff Magnus Troil—

Fair Brenda and Minna who dwelt by the sea,

There is one of the "Galaxy" dearer to me.

Ay, dearer than all who have passed in review,

Than heart-broken Amy or sweet Eveline,

Than hoyden Die Vernon, with eyes grey or blue,

Is true Ellen Douglas of bonnie Katrine ;

And sunlight and moonlight in transport shall smile  
For years, ay, for ever, on fair Ellen's Isle.

Ah, happy that island to bear her sweet name!

If I am mistaken, then ask Malcolm Græme.

## XXXIII.

## JULIET TO ROMEO.

ONE more fond kiss, my Romeo, and away !

The eastern hills are touched with rosy light.

Ah love, with thee dun night is brightest day,

And brightest day, when thou art gone, is night.

How blest the hours swift-borne on starry wheels !

How heavy waiting on the laggard sun !

A weary void till day her eyelids seals,

And Heaven's high warders guard love's fortress  
won.

Dear Romeo, go ! Yet I would have thee stay.

O pilfering morn, that robs the jewelled skies !  
Purloining gems within thy mantle grey,

Take all, but leave the one dear star I prize.

Alas ! that love from love should ever part ;  
Yon sunrise brings wan sunset to my heart.



## XXXIV.

## FERDINAND TO MIRANDA.

MIRANDA mine, thy beauty is more rare

Than May-day flowers that deck the meadows  
green ;

Thy lips are sweeter than the lily fair

Plucked fresh at dawn from out the glittering  
sheen ;

The mantling colour of thy cheek's bright hue

Makes pale and shames the blood of damask-  
rose ;

Thine eye preserves the violet's pensive blue,

Which, born of light, with heaven's own colour  
glows ;

Thy neck, full sweet, seems like a flowery lane,  
Or garden pathway, to thy gentle breast,  
Where love, that knows not passion's earthly stain,  
Has dwelt alone and wished no other guest.  
Here Eden's flowers retain the morning dew,  
And sweeter seem united all in you.

## XXXV.

## ANTONY TO CLEOPATRA.

My Cleopatra, queen, alas the day

Thy lustrous eyes proclaimed such bitter doom !

That shame and Antony should live for aye,

An epitaph on Time's enduring tomb !

Soft-coiling serpent ! Thy enticing wiles

Hold heroes captive in strong toils of grace ;

For power is lost in passion, as fond smiles

Light up the matchless beauty of thy face.

Cold duty summons ; but, enchantress fair,

My courage melts beneath thy glowing eyes ;

And in thine arms I neither reck nor care

If Roman honour lives or basely dies.

Let Fame's rich pearl dissolve in nectar  
bright !

Farewell to valour—day is lost in night.

## XXXVI.

## PARIS TO HELEN.

IMPERIAL beauty, born for Ilium's blight ;  
Sweet, winsome Helen, paragon of earth ;  
Would that our flocks were still on Ida's height,  
And princely halls unemptied of their mirth !  
Alas ! proud Troy is tottering to her fall ;  
Our promised joys are steeped in bitter pain ;  
Kinsmen and Greek in deep derision call,  
And every eye speaks loathing and disdain.

Dear bribe of Venus ! why were we beguiled  
By Cyprian words to walk in devious ways,  
And leave our names as synonyms reviled  
For evermore through unforgiving days ?  
O fruitless passion, won at honour's cost !  
Faith, courage, glory—all for ever lost.

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## XXXVII.

## TO A LADIES' ART CLUB.

*Accepting Invitation to Lecture on "Womanhood in  
Shakespeare."*

SOME pleasant day  
In blooming May,  
    Though rather late,  
    Will suit for date.

The classic song,  
That "art is long,"  
    Applies to this  
    Protracted bliss.

But Time, alas !  
Just turns his glass,  
And months go by,  
As swallows fly.

The sands run swift,  
And gently sift  
Our locks with grey  
Ere close of day.

'Tis surely right,  
And fitting quite,  
That Art should wait  
At Nature's gate.

When summer showers  
Bring out the flowers,  
She then will greet  
Her sister sweet.



But "Womanhood,"  
As woman should,  
    In dear Shakespeare  
    Blooms all the year.

Each flower that grows  
His garden knows,  
    Immortal there  
    In summer air.

In every zone  
Their names are known ;  
    Their love and worth  
    Enrich the earth.

The Arden grove  
Breathes Ros'lind's love ;  
    The pansy lives  
    Ophelia gives.

Miranda's isle  
Will ever smile,  
And roses bloom  
On Juliet's tomb.

The woman-queen,  
Fair Imogen,  
Preserves his dream  
By Avon's stream.

The sweetest flower  
In Belmont's bower  
Still speaks of thee,  
Dear Jessica,

And Portia fair,  
Whose caskets rare  
Still tell the truth  
To heedless youth.

Cordelia, too,  
So fond and true,  
    Thy gentle word,  
    Through centuries heard,

Still stirs each heart  
To do its part,  
    And bravely lead  
    In word and deed.

But song of ours  
Don't match the flowers.  
    Ah, that the words  
    Were humming-birds !

The lines are short  
To write this sort,  
    So I will say  
    " Good-bye " till May.

But, when you read  
This Shakespeare screed,  
Include, I pray,  
Ann Hathaway.

## XXXVIII.

## A STAR - EYED DAISY.

SAN MARCO, ST AUGUSTINE.

*(Tricentennial Anniversary, 1886.)*

ENSIGNS of empires flaunt thy flanking wall,  
Grim ancient warders guard thy storied gate,  
Loud Babeled centuries at thy bastions wait  
On Spanish, French, and English seneschal.  
Rich yellow folds of Castile's haughty state,  
Fair Fleur de Lys from proud Parisian hall,  
St George's Cross triumphant o'er them all,

Recall long years of fierce and bloody hate.

But now the star-eyed daisy lifts its form

From crevice, chink, and crumbling parapet,

Without one stain of battle's crimson storm

On snowy leaf with golden petal set :

Bright banneret which Nature kindly rears,

To deck with light the mould of bitter years.

## XXXIX.

## A R A L L Y.

*(For the Scottish Games at Lyndonville, Caledonia County,  
Vermont, July 4, 1884.)*

THE Highlanders come in their gay plaided tartan,  
 The music of Scotia floats free on the air ;  
 Come over, brave lads, from Barnet and Barton,  
 From M'Indoe's Falls and St Johnsbury fair.  
 Come over and witness the games of a nation  
 Whose prowess is noted in story and song ;  
 We'll furnish you all a fine "muscle" collation—  
 Come over, and bring your fair cousins along.

Our fathers who came here were fresh from the  
heather,

Our county still bears the old name of the Gael ;  
So up wi' the bonnet and bonnie blue feather,  
Sit down by our table and eat of our kail.

Welcome, ay welcome, dear clansmen and brithers !

Hark to the bagpipe, and answer the ca' ;  
Come wi' your wives, your sisters, and mithers,  
We'll meet you and greet you, and welcome  
you a' !

Come from the valleys, the hills, and the mountains ;  
Gather as gathered your fathers of old—  
From clear northern lakes and bright crystal foun-  
tains,

The half of whose beauty has never been told.  
Rally, like true, loyal Scottish descendants,  
Over the Border, and answer the ca' !

And twine round this day of Supreme Independence  
The bluebell, the heather, the thistle and a' !



## XL.

## THE PIONEERS.

(*Read at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Scotch Settlers at De Funiak Springs, Florida, 1886.*)

FROM lands of sunrise far away,  
From Ural cliffs, from Caspian shore,  
From Scythian deserts waste and grey,  
From rose-decked Persia's floral floor,  
One race has kept the western trail—  
The bonnie, braw, warm-hearted Gael :  
The sturdy Gael who came from far,  
Led onward by the morning-star.

By many a stream their footsteps strayed,  
From Indus to the Elbe and Rhine,  
Before their ruddy children played  
By bonnie Doon or crystal Tyne.  
The music of Arabian rills  
Finds echo in old Scotia's hills ;  
The oriental thread remains  
In warp and woof of Gaelic strains.

Onward and onward year by year,  
By Thracian fields, by Bosporus Straits,  
Through stormy seas their barks they steer  
Beyond Gibraltar's frowning gates :  
Impelled to seek the farthest shore  
Before their wanderings are o'er ;  
Still onward, till before them lie  
The Orkneys and the Isles of Skye.

They came—the pioneers of truth—  
To bleak Iona's pebbled strand,

Bright guardians of fair Albion's youth,  
The founders of a noble band ;  
From out whose loins sprang martyrs brave,  
Who gave their all their faith to save—  
The men who faced a living lie,  
And for God's glory dared to die.

They came—the pioneers of song,  
Of courtly grace and minstrel art,  
With lyric fire that slumbers long,  
Then bursts like *Ætna's* liquid heart,  
And overflows the human bounds  
Of thought with sweet seraphic sounds :  
Like notes that stray from realms above—  
Electric sparks of heavenly love.

They came—fair freedom's pioneers,  
Nor cared for king nor tyrant's frown ;  
No nobler record through the years  
Since Gideon's sword was handed down.

They saw the individual man  
In Celtic sept, in Highland clan,  
And from their hill-tops floated free  
The thistle-down of liberty.

The “bairn,” beside whom Hagar wept,  
Ordained a hardy race to rear,  
Uncradled, but by angels kept—  
A motherhood for ever near ;  
The archer lad of deserts wild  
Anticipates the Gaelic child,  
And leads our souls on fancy’s wing  
From Paran’s fount to Fillan’s spring.

O Gaelic fathers, yours and mine,  
Who came from lands beyond the sea,  
Rejoicing still in Auld Lang Syne,  
We bow to thee with reverend knee !  
Proud of thy faith and lofty fame,  
Proud of each bright and honoured name,

Our hearts respond with rapturous thrill—  
“Hail to the chief!” Clan Alpine still!

And here's a hand by Funiak Spring,  
To Macs and Campbells all in line,  
And all that Gaelic love can bring  
Unto this bright and crystal shrine!  
While Katrine's lapsing waters smile,  
And kiss the sands of Ellen's Isle,  
So long will loyal hearts beat true  
Beside De Funiak's waters blue.

XLI.

THE HARP OF TOM MOORE.

AT THE SCOTCH-IRISH CONGRESS, MAY 1889,  
COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE.

THE top of the morning to Ireland  
And the Scotch-Irish Congress to-day !  
All hearts respond at the banquet  
When the Harp of Tom Moore leads the way.  
The bells of the Shandon are ringing  
Their music from over the sea,  
But sweeter the Harp of her poet  
In the mountains of old Tennessee.

The sons of the Shamrock and Thistle  
Still cherish the visions of yore,  
And the Harp of old Tara awakens  
Again to the voice of Tom Moore ;  
Each string, with memories sacred,  
Is tuned to Liberty's key ;  
And the songs that float down the ages  
Are always the songs of the free.

It sings of the "Exile of Erin,"  
But her exiles are exiles no more,  
For the Isle of old Erin has drifted  
Close under Columbia's shore.  
"Where liberty is, is my country"  
Has guided her over the way,  
And Columbia holds in her borders  
The heart of old Ireland to-day.

Manhattan and Plymouth and Jamestown  
Can boast of their heritage true,

But Mecklenburg's fame is immortal  
When we number the stars in the blue ;  
The Scotch-Irish-Puritan-Fathers  
First drafted the words of the free,  
And the speech of Virginia's Henry  
Is the crown of Our Liberty's plea.

The sons and the grandsons of heroes  
Who fought for freedom and right  
With joy hail the dawn of the morning,—  
“ Mavourneen ! ” Awake to the light !  
The maidens of Lorne and Killarney  
Are swelling the chorus to-day,  
For the castles of Oban and Blarney  
Are only just over the way.

Then welcome, a thrice hearty welcome  
To legendary, lyric and lore,  
With a pledge and “ Guid Hielan' welcome ”  
To the voice and the Harp of Tom Moore ;



A toast to the Shamrock and Thistle,  
And sunshine both sides of the sea,  
As Erin clasps hands o'er the ocean  
With Columbia in fair Tennessee.

## XLII.

## A HOLLAND BRICK.

FROM THE OLD VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE, GREENBUSH,  
NEW YORK.

O JOLLY brick, with kindly wrinkled face,  
With ruddy cheek and hospitable look,  
By Knickerbocker you shall have a place,  
And on my mantle stand, my quaintest book.

Epitome of hearty, happy days,  
When even bricks were honest, good, and true ;  
A gentle humour o'er your visage plays—  
With heart and hand I gladly welcome you.

For, truth to tell, I like old Holland well,  
As did my sires *en route* to Plymouth Rock ;  
Ay, Dutch Reformed pealed out the wedding-bell—  
My better half's from good old Holland stock.

Her thanks with mine for cherished antique gift ;  
It comes fire-proof, to Holland lovers pat ;  
I'm glad it's heavier than my wife can lift,  
And just too big to fit my Sunday hat.

XLIII.

ANNIE.

1849.

WHEN all the hills were rich with gold,  
 And beauty bloomed on every tree,  
 One darling more was in the fold,  
 One treasure more upon the knee.

1866,

When all the fields were white with snow,  
 And seventeen Autumns passed away,  
 By Merry Christmas fireside glow  
 We met that winter holiday.

1870.

When all the fields were fresh and fair,  
And bird and brook were all in tune,  
Two hearts and hands were given there,  
That quiet, lovely day in June.

1889.

And so the seasons are but three,  
For Spring and Summer now are one ;  
And Winter only comes to me  
To mark the time of love begun.

## XLIV.

## SMILE AND WAIT.

WOULD to-day were now to-morrow, and to-morrow  
yesterday—

Three days folded up together, in Time's basket laid  
away ;

For there's one that waits my coming under fair  
and sunny skies,

And I'm yearning for the sunlight of her sweet and  
loving eyes.

Change the hour-glass into minutes ! Let the white  
sands swiftly glide,

Till our hands are clasped together, and our hearts  
beat side by side.

Let bright birds convey the message to the blossoms  
of the South,

And love's light-winged gentle breezes waft my  
kisses to her mouth.

Haste sweet dreams on rays of moonlight, whisper  
gently—smile and wait,

Till the hours and days are counted when I'll meet  
her at the gate.

## XLV.

## O F A G E.

1866—1887.

THE stars are fading in the grey,  
Faint rosy light proclaims the morn.  
Awake, my love, for love to-day  
Recalls the hour our love was born.  
It scarcely seems a summer-day  
Since winsome lips were fondly kissed,  
So swift the seasons glide away  
When loving hearts keep faithful tryst.



And yet the figures on life's page,  
From Sixty-six to Eighty-seven,  
Declare our love is now of age—  
Just twenty-one—since Home and Heaven  
Were twinned within those loving eyes  
Which led my soul to Paradise.

## XLVI.

## MY CASTLE.

## I.

THE hill-tops are fair in the bright, cloudless day,  
The valleys are sweet with the blossoms of May;  
I gaze from the cliff where my Castle shall stand—  
The grandest and proudest of all in the land ;

With turrets and columns of Parian white,  
Blocks seamless and clear as if quarried from light ;  
With portal wide open to high arching hall,  
And threshold emblazoning welcome to all.

No outlook so varied, no structure so fair ;  
Neither Norman nor Moorish with mine can  
compare :

The dreams of all artists from over the sea  
Unite in one vision of beauty for me.

The richest wood-carvings from many a land,  
The rarest of pictures are mine to command :  
Ah, dreamer, whose vessels have voyaged in  
vain,  
Come, visit my Castle from Castles in Spain !

## II.

The glow on the hill-tops is fading away,  
The valleys, all garnered, are russet and grey ;  
I gaze from the cliff where I stood the fair morn  
When the rose-tinted dream of my Castle was  
born.

The turrets, the columns, the tapestries rare  
Have faded and melted like mist in the air—  
Impalpable, vain, mortised beams of moonshine !  
The sun never shone on that Castle of mine.

Ah, well, but the ground-plot and title are clear  
For others their Castles and mansions to rear ;  
While I keep in framework of old tarnished gilt  
The Castle of mine that never was built.

The fireside is bright in a dear cottage home,  
One chimney sufficing for turret and dome ;  
And, dreamer, your voyage has not been in vain  
If you find at some hearthstone your Castle in  
Spain.

## XLVII.

## DESTINY.

I WANDERED down a brooklet bubbling bright,  
Which slowly widened gliding toward the sea ;  
A leaf aglow with Autumn's golden light  
From restful bough was nodding dreamily :  
Midway it hung, but, as my lifted hand  
Would pluck its beauty from the listless bough,  
A laughing breeze, so light it scarcely fanned  
The unkempt silver of the poplar's brow,

Bore it across. I followed in my quest,  
And down the bank upon the farther side  
I journeyed on into the purpling west,—  
The brooklet now a river deep and wide ;  
No more to be recrossed, it might not be ;—  
A drifting leaf—and yet my soul was free.

## XLVIII.

## QUESTIONS.

WHENCE, and whither, and what are we,  
Tossed on the billows of ceaseless strife ?  
Where is the shore beyond the sea ?  
Where is the fountain of human life ?

Whence and whither ? Ah ! all in vain !  
We wait and listen. No tidings come ;  
Darkness and shadows still remain,  
The stars are silent, the earth is dumb.

We question the years ; they answer naught  
Save this—from the void we also came.  
The circle widens of human thought,  
But life's horizon remains the same.

We pick with lenses the flecks of light,  
We sift from nebulæ sun by sun,  
We mark and measure the comet's flight,  
We weigh the planets one by one :

From lowest germ to highest form  
We trace the links of Nature's chain ;  
But what is life—this essence warm ?  
The same deep mysteries still remain.

Like children who rap on an empty vault,  
And listen to hollow echoes there,  
Material science is still at fault—  
The tomb of Nature is cold and bare.



Like travellers lost in forest vast,  
 Returning and crossing their paths again,  
 It reasons in circles, to find at last  
 That it reaches the point where the quest began.

Ah, fruitless search ! We learn no more ;  
 The wisest sage no knowledge brings ;  
 No step returns from the silent shore ;  
 “ Rounded with sleep ” the poet sings ;

“ A narrow cape betwixt two seas,”  
 “ A swallow darting through the room,”  
 A leaf that flutters in the breeze,  
 A moment’s light, a rayless tomb ;

Phantasmagoria, thing of a day,  
 Born of the night, into darkness hurled,  
 Cunning compound of breath and clay,  
 Ashes and dust of a worn-out world :



Flitting shadows on cosmic screens !

Silhouettes thrown from a juggler's hand !

Phantom players in spectral scenes !

Is this the enigma to understand ?

Or is there a breeze from the open sky

That wakens the harp of a thousand strings ?

A firm-built hope that a human sigh

Is borne through ether on angels' wings ?

An inspiration that One is just,

Who keeps the sparrow in His care ?

That this spark from Him, in a shell of dust,

His love and goodness shall also share ?

A final rest for faltering feet,

Weary and pierced with cruel wounds,

Climbing to reach the golden street

Up ladders made of brittle rounds ?

Questions answered by Faith alone,  
Not to be settled by words of strife ;  
To be learned at last, to be fully known,  
When the key of death fits the wards of life.

## XLIX.

## THE INFINITE.

WITH measuring lines we reach from star to star,

On pinion bold we seek creation's rim,

The vast horizon mocks us from afar

With sphere on sphere beyond our vision dim ;

On weary wing our thought, from voyage vain,

Like that lone dove, with neither leaf nor bud,

Returns to find the windowed ark again—

A floating refuge on a shoreless flood.

O mystery vast which veils the sovereign brow !

O vergeless silence, depths by light untrod !

Space without centre ! Time, eternal now !

O star-gemmed vesture ! Seamless robe of God !

What word doth this vast Universe inthral !

Bounded by nothing, yet embracing all.

## L.

## GOD'S HEARTHSTONE.

THE evening fires are burning dim  
Along Chautauqua's western rim ;  
The embers of a dying day  
Are sinking in the ashes grey.

We lay aside our toil and care,  
We bow to Thee in thankful prayer,  
That round Thy hearthstone, wide and free,  
The world is all one family.

'Tis not in temples built by hands,  
Or written scrolls from far-off lands,  
But at the altars reared by Thee,  
We learn the truest liturgy.

Thy voice was heard on Sinai's height,  
On Horeb's mountain veiled in night ;  
Thy voice is heard in every rill,  
Thy glory glows on every hill.

Night speaks to night, day speaks to day ;  
Their world-wide language lives for aye ;  
Their lines have gone through all the earth  
The heavens declare Thy matchless worth.

So may Thy Word of Love more dear  
To every age and race appear,  
Until Time's narrow, restless sea  
Is hushed in Thy eternity.

And oh, may faith still deeper grow,  
Till peace from heart to heart shall flow !  
Till all the world, each even-tide,  
Shall gather round Thy hearthstone wide !



## LI.

## A WANDERER.

I HAVE wandered the wide world o'er,  
I have sailed over many a sea,  
But the land that I love more and more  
Is Columbia, the land of the free.  
From the east to the western shore,  
From the north to the southern sea  
Columbia for me !

I have lingered in ivy-grown bowers,  
In minsters and palaces vast,

Amid castles and crumbling towers  
Whose shadows backward are cast ;  
But the longed-for Atlantis is ours,  
And freedom interprets at last  
The dream of the past.

The rivers of story and song,  
The Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine,  
Entrance for a day, but I long  
For the dear old Hudson of mine ;  
The Hudson, where memories throng,  
Where love's fondest tendrils entwine,  
Of beauty the shrine.

Like music entranced in a dream  
Glide the Afton, the Doon, and the Ayr ;  
But the Jansen—the clear Jansen stream,  
In one heart shall their melody share ;  
And my soul still reflects its bright gleam,  
For I played in my childhood there,  
When visions were fair.

I have heard the sweet chiming of bells,  
From the Seine to the Avon and Dee,  
But sweeter the anthem that swells  
From the pine-clad Sierras to me ;  
And the Sabbath-like stillness that dwells  
In these mountains far up from the sea,  
Lake Tahoe with thee.

I have gathered sweet flowers in the west,  
Where the streams are embroidered with gold ;  
But the blossoms that I love the best  
Are those which I gathered of old.  
The same that my mother's lips pressed,  
The petals their sweetness still hold,  
Her heart they enfold.

## LII.

## TO MY WIFE.

I HAVE in life but wishes three :

The first is realised in thee ;

The second you can surely guess—

Sweet presents sent from Heaven to bless ;

The third some sweet and quiet nook,

To read the leaves of Nature's book.

I could not make my wishes four—

Love, children, home—Earth has no more.

## LIII.

## INCH-CAILLIACH, LOCH LOMOND.

*(The island burial-place of Clan-Alpine, resembling, from  
Rossdhu, a reclining body with folded arms.)*

No more Clan-Alpine's pibroch wakes  
 Loch Lomond's hills and waters blue ;  
 "Hail to the Chief" no longer breaks  
 The quiet sleep of Roderick Dhu :  
 Enwrapped in peace the islands gleam  
 Like emerald gems in sapphire set,  
 And, far away, as in a dream,  
 Float purple fields where heroes met.

Inch-Cailliach—*island of the blest !*

Columba's daughter, passing fair,  
With folded arms upon her breast,  
Rests soft in sunset radiance there ;  
A vision sweet of fond Elaine,  
And floating barge of Camelot,  
Upon her brow no trace of pain,  
And on her heart "Forget me not."

Forget thee, saintly guardian ? Nay,  
From distant lands across the sea  
To this lone isle I fondly stray  
With song and garland fresh for thee ;  
I trace the old inscriptions dear,  
Fast fading now from mortal ken,  
And through the silvered lichens peer  
To read MacAlpine's name again.

My mother's name, a sacred link  
Which binds me to the storied past ;

A rainbow bridge from brink to brink,  
Which spans with light the centuries vast.  
Two hundred years ! Clan-Alpine's pine  
Has struck its roots in other lands ;  
My pulses thrill to trace the sign  
And touch the cross with reverent hands.

All ruin here !—the shrine is dust,  
The chapel wall a shapeless mound ;  
But nature guards with loving trust,  
And ivy twines her tendrils round  
The humble slab, more fitting far  
Than gilded dome for Scotia's line ;  
The open sky and northern star  
Become the chieftains of the pine.

The light streams out from fair Rosdhu  
Across the golden-tinted wave ;  
That crumbling keep, that ancient yew,  
Still mark a worthy foeman's grave ;

But warm the hearts that now await  
Our coming at the open door,  
With love and friendship at the gate,  
And beacon-lights along the shore.

Dear Scotia ! evermore more dear  
To loyal sons in every land ;  
Strong in a race that knew not fear,  
And for man's freedom dared to stand :  
Ay, dearer for thy songs that float  
Like thistle-down o'er land and sea,  
And strike the universal note  
Of love, and faith, and liberty.



## LIV.

## ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS AND HOGG,

AT CANONGATE KILWINNING, JANUARY 25, 1890.

AGAIN Kilwinning's hearth grows wide,  
The tessellated floor is bright ;  
A mother's heart with loving pride  
Salutes her honoured Sons of Light.

They gather from the banks of Ayr,  
From Ettrick, Yarrow, and the Tay,  
A golden hour of love to share,  
To crown with joy the natal day

Of bard and poet lowly born  
    To teach the brotherhood of man,  
With skylark lilt of early morn,  
    And notes that thrill the patriot's van ;

With swelling song and living truth,  
    From hearts of fire and tongues of flame,  
Fast binding in eternal youth  
    Fair Scotia's Pleiades of Fame.

They come—a galaxy of cheer  
    In answer to the festal call,—  
Loved Willie Hay to memory dear,  
    And Lockhart of the Minstrel Hall ;

Aytoun and Stewart, Boswell, Blair,  
    Kit North—the master of the feast,  
The Shepherd and the Lad from Ayr  
    Whose songs unite the west and east ;

And girdle all the world to-night

With chords that make the nations one,—

A mystic grip of matchless might,—

A cable-tow by genius spun.

O genius ! Oracle of God !

We bow in wonder at thy shrine,

Through whom the daisy-sprinkled sod

Is rendered human and divine.

Through whom each form of life appears

To wear a brighter, holier grace,

His pity soothes the mousie's fears,

And halos dying Maillie's face.

He sees his love in dewy flower,

He hears her in the tuneful bird ;

He deifies the raptured hour,

And seals it with an angel word.

He saw in man's uplifted face  
The promise of a grander time ;  
He sang the freedom of the race,  
He boldly rang the century's chime.

The night was cold, he could not wait,  
He left his message at the door ;  
Ere morning came he took the gate,  
We worship, we can do no more.

Ay, Robbie Burns, not poor but brave,  
Neglected long but loved at last ;  
The laurel-wreath Kilwinning gave  
Was foretaste of the fame thou hast.

## LV.

TO PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

COMMEMORATING HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR.

*(Read at the Hellenic Society, Edinburgh, 1890.)*

DAME NATURE, communing with Coila one day,  
Remarked, in a social, neighbourly way,  
That she had been kept rather busy of late  
Attending to poets and matters of state ;

That Robbie had closed up the century well,  
And Byron and Scott would hold out for a spell :  
She was therefore inclined to take a vacation,  
And, on her return, to startle the nation ;

Would visit, forsooth, Asia Minor and Greece,  
And lay out a plan for her great masterpiece.  
So she wandered unseen for a time among men,  
Returning about eighteen hundred and ten.

Then straightway to Coila her way she betook,  
And found her ensconced in a bright cosy nook.  
With swift-winged words her tale she began—  
I've found the essentials for making a man ;

The proper proportion of genius and art,  
Love, humour and pathos, mind, body and heart,  
With habiliments, too, that are fit for a king,  
Or better, for genuine princes that sing.

I met the nine muses, who gave me a piece—  
A delicate web of the old Golden Fleece,  
Which they bade me to take far over the wave  
To bright sunny lands where magnolias wave ;

To a fountain of youth, Ponce de Leon by name,  
And I wandered for months without finding the same ;  
The woes of Ulysses were nothing to mine,  
But I stayed by the Fleece as I promised the nine.

Till there in a wilderness, silent and vast,  
In a clear sparkling pool the token was cast ;  
And lo, as I gazed, the Fleece took the form  
Of a mantle well woven for sunshine or storm.

Be it Jason or Stuart, "Midlothian" still  
Is the brand of this Greek-Scotch-American twill ;  
And, Coila, the laddie will never grow old  
Whose heart is enwrapped in this wondrous fold.

From the east to the west, from the old to the new,  
From Helicon dry to Columbia's dew  
I have wandered at will ; this staff in my hand  
Was found in the groves of fair Florida's land ;

Amid pines that embosom de Funiak Spring,  
Where poplar and laurel the poets outsing,  
Where children of Scotia in happiness dwell,  
By a fountain as sacred as St Ronan's well ;

In gardens of lotus, with sunshine so clear  
That the centuries glide without noting the year :  
So, Coila, adieu ! I go with the morn,  
Guard plaidie and staff for the genius unborn ;

It may be a month, or it may be a day,  
Look well to the infant that's coming this way ;  
And, also remember, this mantle of joy  
Will keep its possessor forever a boy.



## LVI.

TO JUDGE CADMAN,

A BRITHER CHIEL BEYOND THE SEA.

FOR thirty days I've been your debtor,

Since I received your honour's letter ;

Henceforth I promise to do better,

Excuse delay ;

I ha'e been bound as wi' a fetter

This mony a day.

Not in the folds of fond caresses,

Fair auburn locks and golden tresses,

Or "withs"—the consulate confesses—

Of stately cares ;

But, on the knowledge he possesses,

Respondent swears—

And prays for grace and absolution,  
With full and ample restitution,  
The case admits of quick solution

When Cadman learns  
The facts without circumlocution—  
I've been wi' Burns.

I think your honour gets my meaning,  
The Court has always had a leaning  
To kindred spirit-souls convening,

Their hearts to share :  
In brief, I've had a blithe careening  
Ayont the Ayr,

Where stands the cottage of his birth,  
A sacred shrine for all the earth,  
The humble room, the narrow hearth,

With lesson wide,  
That love and faith and honest worth  
Shall aye abide.

I saw auld Alloway's roofless kirk,  
Where ling'ring "ghaists and houlets" lurk,  
Wi' Nannie glintin' through the mirk,  
                Queen of the ball,  
And Satan sitting like a Turk  
                Amang them all.

I traced the love-lit winding stream,  
Sweet monogram of passion's dream ;  
I seemed to hear the moonlight gleam  
                In loving croon,  
So gently fell its fondling beam  
                On bonnie Doon.

Ay, more, I "lectured" down in "Killie,"  
Where Fame still "canters like a filly,"  
And cracked wi' lads that were na chilly,  
                Till hours were sma',  
And time was measured by the gillie,  
                Or no' ava.

And then the last, but not the least,  
I wrote some lines for Robin's feast,  
Where "raising" isna done by yeast,  
But in a style  
Which Brothers brought frae "way down east,"  
Fu' mony a mile.

Kilwinning Canongate they ca' it,  
Lodge Number Two, lang love befa' it,  
By genius tyled, time canna thraw it,  
Till Nature sleeps,  
For Robbie there was wreathed the Laureate  
With crown that keeps.

I therefore trust the Court's decision—  
Waiving the forms of strict precision—  
Will grant reprieve for Love's omission,  
And draw it mild ;  
Wi' Burns and business in collision  
We're both beguiled.

## LVII.

## THE OLD ORGAN (1754).

LODGE CANONGATE KILWINNING, EDINBURGH.

TUNE—"Scotland Yet."

GAE sit beside the organ there,  
 And touch the guid auld keys ;  
 We want a dear familiar air,  
 And "Scotland Yet" will please :  
 A noble song our hearts to greet  
 From out the hallowed years,  
 An offering meet with music sweet  
 That fills the eyes with tears ;  
 For love is strong though time is fleet,  
 And love alone endears.

Ay, fond and full the swelling notes,  
The pipes with rapture glow,  
As vague and shadowy memory floats  
From out the long ago :  
The golden reeds can ne'er forget  
The nights sae fair and free,  
When brothers met and "Scotland Yet"  
Rang out with hearty glee ;  
For love alone has no regret,  
And love is throned in thee.

The pictured walls bend low to hear  
The tender anthem rise ;  
A gentle moisture like a tear  
Bedews that Worthy's eyes ;  
Old "Scotland Yet"—the only air  
To wake the silent fold ;  
Our chief St Clair and Drummond there  
Seem nearer than of old ;

For love is still the only prayer  
That warms the lips when cold.

Ah, brothers, who have gone before  
Across the silent sea,  
Remembered still for evermore,  
We raise our song to thee ;  
And, in some lull of harmony  
When pearly gates swing wide,  
“My Ain Countrie,” still dear to thee,  
And “Scotland Yet” beside,  
Will lead in sacred psalmody  
Where love shall aye abide.

Then once again a ringing cheer  
And pledge from every heart  
To Canongate Kilwinning dear,  
Ere friends and brothers part ;  
A health to all on shore or sea  
Who love the sacred fount,

Where'er they be, from Ettrick free  
To Shasta's silver mount—  
Old "Scotland Yet," with honours three,  
Up all ! count, wardens, count !

Hark to the echo of the strain ;  
The cable-tow is strong ;  
Alaska answers the refrain  
Which India's skies prolong :  
To brothers near and brothers far  
The hailing-sign is cast,  
And sceptre-bar or jewel-spar  
Cannot that word outlast ;  
From Southern Cross to Northern star  
The bond of love is fast.

So sit beside the organ there  
And touch the guid auld keys ;  
A golden hour we'll blithely share  
And "Scotland Yet " will please.



Sing of her lakes and quiet dells  
Close-fondled by the sea ;  
Each hill that swells with glory tells  
The story of the free ;  
While broom and whin and heather-bells  
Respond with three times three.

## LVIII.

## LIFE'S PAUSES.

A CURIOUS stranger environed in doubt,  
An interrogation-point toddling about,  
A bundle of questions,—nothing more,—  
Cooing and creeping upon the floor.

A comma of sunshine, a playtime to see  
The flower, the bird, the brook, and the tree ;  
A vision of childhood,—count one for the pause,—  
A ripple of laughter, a golden clause.

A stile in the pathway, a summer day,  
A blissful moment too sweet to stay ;  
Swift semicolon of youth divine,—  
Count two in tracing the raptured line.

An exclamation—"You ! O You !"  
The same old story, forever new,  
An arrow's flight to a soul new-found,  
A volume of love in a vowel-sound.

A song, a prayer, a marriage vow,  
A compound-word in the chapter now,  
Only a hyphen, but angels wait  
And hush their anthem in heaven's gate.

A gleam of light in the gliding years,  
A colon of joy in the font appears,  
A point of hope in the fleeting text :—  
Our line continued in the next.

The sentence finished, a gentle mound  
By waving grass encircled round ;  
A period here, but not complete,  
Merely a rest for weary feet.

A rest for the night till the morning wakes,  
Till the purpling east in glory breaks ;  
Faith writes a dash for the great To-Be—  
Beyond Time's bracket—Eternity.

*FACSIMILE*  
OF  
"THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE."  
BY ROBERT BURNS.

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SINCE the publication of first edition 'In Clover and Heather,' October 1889, it has been my good fortune to secure the original manuscript of Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie," alluded to in my preface as a poetic link between Scott, Burns, and Washington Irving. I take pleasure in furnishing the following facsimile for the second edition.

WALLACE BRUCE.

EDINBURGH, *November* 1890.

She talked, she smiled, my heart she wiled  
She charmed my soul - Swiſt no less,  
And aye the stound, the crackly wheel  
Lean frae her ein, dae bonnie she —  
But spair to speak, and spair to speed;  
Shill abhame listen to my need —  
Should she refuse, I'll say my deed  
Do hirt her ein dae bonnie she. —

---

Written at Lochmaben —

Robt Burns

Edinburgh December 1789

Sent to Mr. Johnson

Amis written to Miss Jeffery. Lockman.

The blue eyed babe

I gazed a wee fa gate yestreen;

A gait, I ken, ill dearly rue;

I gat my death frae twa sweet een,

Yon' lovely een o' bonnie blue

Oweas not her ~~dear~~ golden dimples bright

Her lips like roses that wi' dew —

Her beaming bosom — lily white —

It ached her een an' dimm'd thae

On the back of manuscript appears in writing the following endorsement :—

*Burns's Ms.*

*Song by Burns, Original Manuscript.*

*The Blue-eyed lassie, with address.*

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*From Miss Aitken, 1819.*



## EXTRACTS FROM PRESS NOTICES

OF FIRST EDITION OF

### ‘IN CLOVER AND HEATHER.’

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“Wallace Bruce celebrates his country’s heroes in his own name, his country’s soil in the name of his book, and his country’s virtues in every page.”—*Academy*.

“‘In Clover and Heather’ is a volume of lyrics that shows considerable freshness and power. The title symbolises a pretty sentiment, and not a few of the author’s songs suggest very agreeably the clover of the Hudson and the Scottish heather by their spontaneous and natural grace, and a certain open-air flavour that is at no time common to writers of verse.”—*Saturday Review*.

“There is genuine pleasure in turning over the leaves of Mr Wallace Bruce’s ‘Clover and Heather.’ He has prepared a fragrant little posy of song which should be as welcome in the ‘land of his forebears’ as in the land of his birth.....He touches smoothly and sweetly chords that have an echo on both sides of the Atlantic.”—*The Scotsman*.

“The contents of his book amply show that Mr Bruce is a genuine poet. His verse thrills with fine, free-flowing, vigorous spirit, which imparts to it that feeling of reality and freshness that gives to the poetry of Burns its permanent attraction.”—*Glasgow Herald*.

“‘In Clover and Heather’ contains many fine poems and lyrics, full of freshness and brightness, informed by ardent patriotism, gentle sentiment, and domestic love.”—*Graphic*.

“His verses are musical, his rhythm is correct, and he has always a pleasant rhyme ready at command. There is thought, feeling, and an occasional touch of pathos in his lines,

and he seems equally at home on the banks of the Tweed, amid the romantic scenery of the Trosachs, by the broad waters of the Hudson, or in the distant Yosemite valley."—*Glasgow Citizen*.

"Keenly alive to the beautiful, whether in art or in nature or home-life, and draws his inspiration equally from one and all. .... Full of delicate humour and nice discernment."—*Birmingham Gazette*.

"A dainty little volume both in form and substance. The author possesses a genuine poetic inspiration and a happy simple way of expressing his ideas."—*Northern Chronicle*.

"A very refined volume of poetry, embracing in its sympathies the Old World and the New, ..... much mature thought and essential beauty, ..... full of tender feeling delicately expressed, ..... humour, too, is not absent. .... A truly welcome volume of verse."—*Bristol Times*.

"He is an ardent admirer of Burns and of Scott, and pays his tribute of reverent praise to each of them. His power as a writer of vivid descriptive poetry is shown in 'The Yosemite' and 'The Hudson,' two poems not unworthy of the magnificent scenes which form their subjects. The author already enjoys a high reputation in the realms of poetry, and he is likely to increase his transatlantic renown in this country."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"At one time he stirs the soul like the sound of a trumpet by a powerful patriotic appeal, at another he touches the tenderer chords of the heart by an engaging picture of happy homely affection, or the tale of a kindly and generous deed, and anon he trips away on light and airy strain. He has an accent for all moods."—*Perthshire Journal*.

"Whether Mr Bruce sings to us of our own purple hillsides and rippling burns, or pictures for us the mirror lake and lofty mountains of his own country, we are charmed alike by his glowing patriotism and his faithfulness to nature. With all his heart he strives to cement the brotherhood of the two great English-speaking nations. When he sings of nature his touch is light and effective; when he speaks of his own country his heart breathes in every line; when he touches on things unseen and eternal, it is with reverence and simplicity."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

# TRIBUTES TO MR BRUCE'S POEMS,

FROM

LONGFELLOW, WHITTIER, HOLMES, BEECHER,  
COLLYER, AND DR M'COSH.

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"I have read your 'Land of Burns,' 'The Hudson,' and 'The Yosemite' with much interest and pleasure.....I think you have very successfully carried out your idea of the Cathedral."—HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"Hearty thanks for thy excellent poem, printed in style worthy of its fine and fitting verses.....Everything about Burns interests me. I have never heard him too highly estimated, and, as a true poet, I do not see how he can be."—JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"I have read your verses with great pleasure. They are very easy, fluent, lively, and well compacted.....I thank you most cordially for your pretty book, and wish you as many returns of the New Year as may be welcome visitors."—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"I congratulate you on issuing such a charming volume. It will be thankfully received by every lover of Burns. I thank you as one.....'The Hudson River' is worthy of being celebrated in verse, and you have touched the strings with melodious results.....'The Yosemite' by its merit and beauty made its way to all eyes, ears, and hearts ;.....there will be many, I take it, who will carry your lines with them as they seek out these places and adopt them as their own."—HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"Your lovely little book came duly from the publishers, and was read, as all things are that come to me from your hand and heart, with great pleasure.....'The Old Homestead' is lovely as a dream, and good as gold ; better, it will stay among the household treasures safe and sure, and be treasured by the

children's children, who will say the poet was my grandpa's friend."—ROBERT COLLYER.

"I take it very kind that you have sent me a copy of 'The Land of Burns.' The poem and illustrations are to me full of the fondest memories. I was born and brought up on the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, and I am familiar with all the scenes you describe and delineate so well. You can conceive how much I value the little volume."—JAMES M'COSH.

### "OLD HOMESTEAD" POEMS.

"Mr Wallace Bruce, whose appointment to the consulate at Edinburgh, Scotland, has been received with such marked satisfaction by the best elements of all parties, is a literary man of whom it may be said that personal association with him is as great a privilege as his poems are a delight.....No American poet, not even Whittier, has set to sweeter music the tender memories of home. His 'Old Homestead' poems have that delicacy of fancy, sincerity of expression and depth of feeling which give fitting utterance to the sanctity with which we hallow the past.....The same truthfulness of motive is characteristic of all his verses, even when his abounding humour ripples into song. This nobility of purpose and excellence of execution are the qualities which make those familiar with his work enthusiastic admirers.....His shorter lyrics, published in the magazines, have always been widely praised and copied ; and the fervent patriotism that pulsates through his poems has caused his selection as a poet on many distinguished occasions—notably at the Newburgh Centennial in 1883, and at the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac at Saratoga Springs in 1887. Happiest of all these efforts, perhaps, was his masterly production in 1880 of 'Scott's Greeting to Burns in Central Park, New York,' at the dedication of the statue of Robert Burns.....The sincerity and music of Mr Bruce's utterance cannot fail at any time to excite appreciation. His popularity will increase with the years, for his poems have the grace of the scholar, the heart of the toiler, and the soul of the dreamer."—*Magazine of Poetry : a Quarterly Review*, October 1889.



